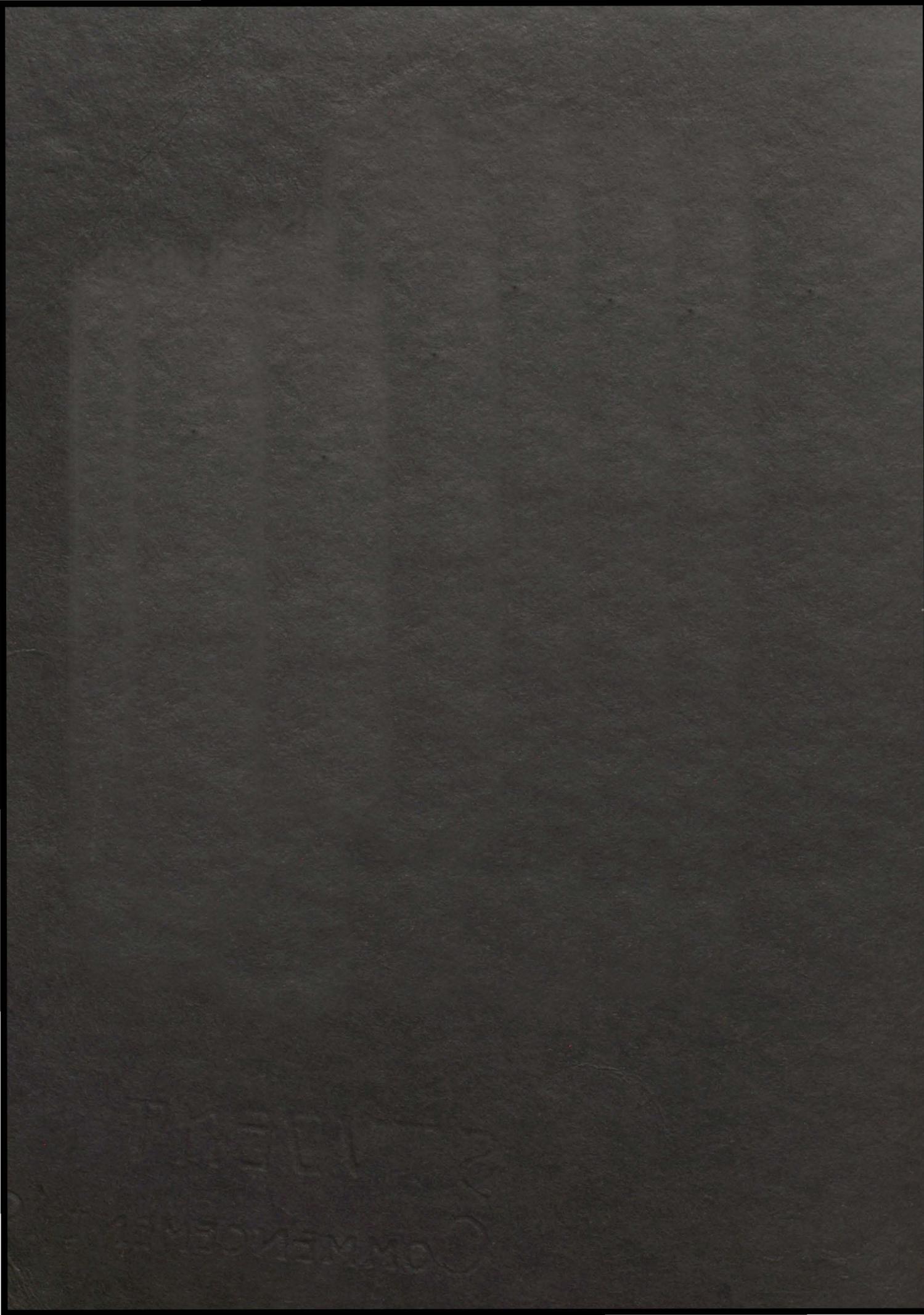




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COMMENCEMENT 1917





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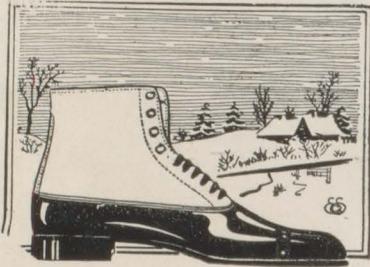
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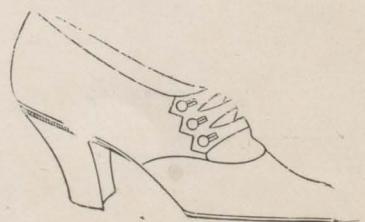
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The STUDENT

Commencement

1917



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POR T HURON, MICHIGAN

CONTENTS

Staff	5
Mr. Davis's Portrait	6
Faculty List	7
Program of Commencement	8
President's Message	9
The Crystal Sphere—Prophecy	10
Page of Snaps	14
Class of 1917	15
Page of Snaps	32
Honor Roll	33
Senior and Junior Plays	34
Dramatics	35
Junior Champion Basket Ball Team	36
Athletics	37
House Notes	39
Waiters' Union	40
House Debating Team	40
Cadet Corps	41
Page of Snaps	42
First Aid Class	43
The Last Shot	44
Page of Snaps	46
Poem—"Books" and "At the Movies"	47
Poem—"Married"	48
With the Aid of Tommy	49
Compensation	51
Poem—"The Eighth Hour"	53
Class of 1918	55
Class of 1919	57
Class of 1920	59
Editorials	61
Alumni—List of Class of 1916	63
Notes on Other High Schools	65
Social	67
Jokes	68



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief	Quinneth Summers
Assistant Editor.....	Wesley Cox
Literary	Dorothy Duncan
Society	Mildred Carlisle
Art	Ialeen Taylor
Alumni	Elsie Pressprich
Personals	Dorothy Jenks
Jokes	Bertral Summers
Athletics	Mark Haynes
Exchange	Howard Lane
Photography	Wilbur Sylvester

STAFF REPORTERS

Senior—Marion Gray, Gordon Maitland Junior—Barbara Duncan, David Waterworth
 Sophomore—Norma Heeke, Ross Scupholm Freshman—Frances Moore, Clare Sperry
 House—Elmer Chamberlain

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager.....	Harold Carlisle
Advertising Managers.....	Gordon Maitland, Gordon Godley
Circulation Manager.....	Lee Leonard
Junior Assistants.....	David Waterworth, Warren Simms Philip Amadon, Emery Stringer



TO HARLAN A. DAVIS

In appreciation of the work he has done for the school, and the help and sympathy he has always given us; this, the Nineteen Hundred Seventeen Student is respectfully dedicated.

Faculty

H. A. Davis, Principal, Algebra--Olivet College, A. B.

Helen F. Naumann, German, French--University of Michigan, Ph. B.

Frances Brown, Latin--Ypsilanti; University of Michigan, A. B.

S. A. Crane, Geometry—University of Michigan.

Marguerite Steglich, History—University of Michigan, A. B.

Grace Northrup, English—University of Michigan, A. B.

Elizabeth Hughes, English—University of Michigan, A. B.

Allie B. Chapin, Algebra—Olivet, B. S.; Graduate work at M. A. C.

Lillian L. Hogan, Shorthand, Typewriting—University of Michigan, A. B.

Theo Anderson, Commercial Branches—Dixon College; University of Minnesota, Sc. B. and M. Ac.

Katherine Chamberlain, Algebra, Trigonometry—University of Michigan, A. B.; Graduate Work at University of Michigan.

Sena Potter, English, History—University of Michigan, A. B.

Marguerite Stevens, English, German—University of Michigan, A. B.

Byron Corbin, Physics, Chemistry—Ypsilanti, A. B.; M. A. C. also University of Michigan.

Adele Westbrook, Debating, Public Speaking—University of Michigan, A. B.

Rilla Trathen, Biology—University of Michigan, A. B.

Lester Miller, Commercial Geography, Physiography—University of Michigan, A. B.

Kathleen Moore, Latin, History—Smith College, A. B.

Frances Lakin, History—University of Michigan, A. B.; Graduate work at University of Michigan; University of Chicago.

Margaret McRoberts, English—Oberlin, A. B.

M. J. Myers, Manual Training—Kalamazoo Normal College.

Program of Commencement

Baccalaureate Sermon

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
RALPH MACLAY CRISSMAN, D. D.
JUNE 10, 1917

Class Day

AUDITORIUM, 3:00 P. M.
JUNE 13, 1917

Commencement

AUDITORIUM, 8:00 P. M.
JUNE 13, 1917

Class Banquet

HARRINGTON HOTEL, 6:30 P. M.
JUNE 14, 1917

Senior Hop

AUDITORIUM
JUNE 15, 1917

President's Message

ELSIE PRESSPRICH, Vice-President, '17

Every student's problem at present is how to be efficient. Consciously or unconsciously we are asking ourselves "How can I make the most of myself at this crucial time?" We should not wish to be great for the sake of our own personal gains, but for the sake of usefulness to our country and the world.

If this war goes on and our men are called to the front, many of our schoolmates will be with them, not only as soldiers but also as nurses. Before they will be ready to go, there will be a great deal of training necessary. Training is very important but habit is more so. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say that "Habit is a second nature."

Albert Beveridge says, "Rules for good work fail without good habits. Habit is the most powerful influence in human life."

More men fail in their undertakings, more neglect of public duty results, more bad work of any kind is produced by bad habits than by any other cause. No man with bad habits can do much work of any kind, or any work of a good kind.

It is our own fault if we are not at our best. Never blame anybody else for your own misfortunes. Occasionally there is such a thing as misfortune that seems to follow us, but, generally speaking, we are the architects of our own failures.

In one of Maeterlinck's wonderful stories he tells of a powerful man of the middle ages who conceived great plans and executed them, but always with difficulty. Frequently he almost failed, and succeeded only by super-human effort. Finally he found that a secret enemy was always working against his most careful plans, neutralizing his most strenuous exertions. As the years passed, he determined to find and destroy this enemy. Life was not worth living with this hidden foe forever encircling him with difficulties. One evening as he was out walking, he saw another man approaching him. By that strange instinct which warns us of danger, he knew that this man was his lifelong enemy, and he resolved to kill him. As he approached, he observed that this man wore a mask. But conscious that this was the antagonist of his life, he said, as they met: "You are the man who from my youth till now has been pursuing me, thwarting me, almost defeating me. I mean to kill you, but I will give you a chance for your life. Draw and defend yourself." The stranger said, as he drew his sword, "I am at your service, but first see who it is that you would fight." He removed his mask, and the man stood before himself.

This fable is true of every one of us. Where you think an enemy has injured you, look closely, and nine times out of ten you will find yourself in some evil guise, but oftenest you will find yourself in the form of your habits.

Just how efficient we have become the future alone can reveal. But may the class of 1917 continue unceasingly in their efficiency formation, so as not only to be able to acquire the good habits, but also to eliminate the bad ones or in the words of the poet to "know ourselves."

The Crystal Sphere

DOROTHY DUNCAN, '17

There was a new crescent moon in the west which, with the star above it, made an agreeable oriental combination.

In the haze over bay and river enough rose and purple remained to veil the awakening glitter of the city, sprawling supine between river, sound and sea. And its incessant monotone pulsated, groaning, dying, ceaseless, interminable in the light-shot depths of its darkening streets.

The sky-drawing-room windows of the Countess Zimma were all wide open, but the only light in the room came from a crystal sphere poised on a tripod. It had the quality and lustre of moonlight, but I could not find out its source, for no electric wires were visible, and one could move the tripod about the room.

The crystal sphere itself appeared to be luminous, yet it remained perfectly transparent, whatever the source of its silvery phosphorescence.

As usual the Countess was curled up by the open window among her silken cushions, one smooth little gem-laden hand playing with the green jade god, her still dark eyes, which slanted a little, fixed dreamily upon infinite distance. No one ever seemed to know just what she was looking at even when she turned her dark eyes on them or on her crystal sphere cradled upon its slender tripod.

Some one brought the tripod with its crystal ball and set it down in the middle of the room. As its mild rays fell on the marble basin of a tiny fountain, I heard Zimma asking me what I wished to hear. "Of all the visions which have passed before your eyes within the depths of that crystal globe," said I—"of all the histories of men and women which, seated here in this silent, silk-hung place, I desire to hear only the fates of my P. H. H. S. classmates whom I graduated with eight years ago."

She glanced about the room and smilingly began:

"Don't ask me how I know what these people are doing; that is my concern, not yours. Don't ask me how I know who they are; that is my affair. Nor how I seem to be perfectly acquainted with their past histories; for that is part of my profession. And now I will tell you all I know of the class of '17" and, gazing into the depths of the crystal globe, she began in a low musical voice:

"**Erwin Weaver** is making himself famous in Shakespearean plays and is greeted as the actor of the twentieth century. In private life, he is happily married and has a large family. **Florence Jones** is at present in charge of armor cataloguing in the Metropolitan Museum but she wears a large diamond solitaire on the fourth finger of her left hand. **Helen Manuel** gave up research work in fossil bones to marry a young lawyer of Sarnia, Ont. **Marshall Draper** and **Claire Tripp** are officers in the Marine Corps, both having joined but a few months after graduation. **Florence Gibbs** and **Grace Donaldson** are doing settlement work in Chicago this year under the direction of **Anna Cameron**. Anna has been there for six years and is happily married to a Methodist minister. Also in Chicago are **Thomas Reid**, professor of physics in the University, and **Max Colter**, popular model for "Society Brand Clothes."

Dora Jenks went into training at Johns Hopkins and graduated with honors. She decided to remain independent but last month her engagement to a 1918 graduate was announced. **Grace Chambers** also trained for a nurse and is now at the head of the operating room in an English hospital. **Arthur Carson** still possesses the charm of his High School days and has a trail of fair maidens after his heart. But Arthur was cut out for a bachelor and lets no feminine fascinations interfere with his splendid law practice. **Lillian Heddle** eloped with a young blond shortly after her graduation and three years later the bitter war had left her a widow. Her marriage to a Pittsburg millionaire, thirty-six years her senior, is to be a great event of next week. **Josephine McCarty**, having broken the hearts of several admirers is remorseful and is thinking of taking the veil. **Erma Steinborn** is still a man-hater and much interested in woman suffrage work. **Marian Gray** is one of the well known suffragettes of Colorado and although married she finds time to lead all the parades, while her husband is quite able to care for the children at home. **Carl Smith** and **George Waugh** have gone into vaudeville and are making a hit with their songs and stories. **Anna Smith** before marrying a young lieutenant in the navy was dietitian for the Post sanitarium. **Frances Kendall**, of course, was married the year following graduation, but her home life has not interfered with her musical ambitions and she is now starring in a popular opera written by a '17—**Madelyn Akers**. Mrs. Carlisle also writes all of **Mark Collins**' songs. Since John McCormick's death several years ago, Mark has become universally the most popular tenor. **Louise McArron**, after graduating from a school of design married a little blond and has made him very happy. She has an enormous income and he is a splendid housekeeper. **Mark Haynes** and his wife reside in Port Huron where Mrs. Haynes is president of the local match factory. **Helen Allum** and **Nettie Rademacher** now live in California where they run a fruit farm in partnership. **Grace Bastedo** also makes California her home, where, as you probably know, she has become famous for her daring aerial flights. Among other westerners are **Harry Rosenthal**, heavyweight champion of Montana, and **Bert Rapley**, physical director of an outdoor school. **Zilpha Gillett** and **Winifred Beach** have gone into Lyceum work in connection with the children's playground. **Bain Hill**'s training in kindergarten work at Pratt Institute has been of great value to her even if she didn't use it in a professional way, for she was married five years ago and the twins keep her quite busy. **Alice Cock** is also happily married but is still as flirtatious as in her high school days. **Everett McCabe** and **Sarah Elliott** conduct a dancing school in Detroit and on account of their natural talent in that line, are making it a great success. **Gladys Brotherton** is one of the two girls of that class who has gone into public speaking. On account of her fondness for that sort of work she travels in the west delivering free lectures on the Holy Land. The other public speaker among the girls of the class, **Frances Moak**, whom you remember as being the bold masculine type, has become a famous woman lawyer in Kentucky. **Ransom Stone** is a retired millionaire having made his fortune but two years after graduation in the manufacture of alarm clocks. As you undoubtedly remember Ransom received his first instruction in the working of clocks in connection with the History Course during his Senior year. **Freida Lehmann** has the fashionable hair dressing shop on Broadway and is an artist in the use of peroxide. Blonds are her specialty. Much experience during school days enables her to make a great success of it. **Howard Parsons** has also followed up his high school traits and is now dancing in the "Show of

Wonders" with **Faith Randall** who is also making a hit in burlesque and musical comedy. **Gladys Stevens** and **Lela May** are putting forth their best efforts in a campaign for dress reform for young high school girls. **Marguerite May** graduated from Ann Arbor with honor without having studied a thing. This was simple to do as you remember Marguerite's distinct dislike for studying. **Eleanor Ludlow**, still the prim, dignified girl of eight years ago, is happy teaching in a little country school. **Lyda Jex** and **Evelyn Marlette** started a private school for young ladies which is now considered the most exclusive of eastern seminaries. **Kate Dunford**, one of the most serious, conscientious girls of '17 is now in India doing missionary work, and, although it seems incredible, owing to her youthful indifference toward young men, her engagement to the leader of a church choir has just been announced. **Robert Anderson** and **Lee Leonhard** are others counted on the bachelor list. They have both gone into politics. **Holbourn Beardman** and **Wesley Cox** have been up to their old tricks and are now awaiting sentence for stealing chickens. **Carl Sturmer's** vicious disposition lead him on with difficulties and he is serving a term in Jackson for contradicting his mother-in-law. **Mildred Carlisle** is a living model for a New York shop and still claims to be a "perfect 36." Her husband was killed in the war and she now has to support herself and children. **Gordon Godley** is the brilliant historian of the period and holds a seat at Harvard. **Roy Harris** is at present in New York being featured at the Hippodrome as the "greatest tight rope-walker in the world." **Mary Chambers** has just won a cup offered by Carnegie in an automobile race from here to Montana. Mary and her husband live on a ranch in that state. **Harold Carlisle** and **Gordon Maitland** were theological students in the same college and are now situated in two of the big churches of Philadelphia. **Howard Lane** has a fine position at a haberdasher's but the work is really too strenuous for him and he is about to take another vocation. **Herman Kunze** and **Elton Parker** run a dairy and have made it possible for their customers to purchase milk at the low cost of 15 cents per quart. **Millie Neil** and **Evelyn Pace** are popular young movie stars. **Francis Scott** has also adopted this vocation and is now the favorite movie actor. He is very handsome, a few years having changed him but little and the girls never miss a picture that "Scottie" is in. **Eunice Dart** is living in New York where she is considered a coming young sculptress. She has already made her fortune by her fine work. **Freida Collins** inherited a fortune from a rich uncle and has a marvelous estate on the Hudson where she has nothing to do but amuse herself. This, however, is a source of much unhappiness to Freida owing to her fondness for all kinds of work. **Elsie Pressprich** has finished writing a book for High School Freshmen entitled, "How to Get the Most Out of Studying." Another writer of the 1917 class is **Elwood Windham** who made a million dollars off his latest publication, "The Fine Points in Bluffing." **Dorris Robinson** and **Prudence Rowe** have charge of the candy and gum stands in all the leading High Schools. **Ralph Jenkins** is still in the hospital but the doctors hold out strong hopes for his recovery. He was injured by a severe blow on the head by a rolling-pin. Needless to say he is married. **Quinneth Summers** is proprietor of a manicuring parlor for men only and they say she can not accommodate all her customers. **Schuyler Smith** has given up all social activities and is devoting his life to writing. His first success is entitled "Offran des Couer." He has never been the same since his fiancee eloped with a movie actor. **Ialeen Taylor** who went with the ambulance corps to France lost one arm while in active service. This, how-

ever has not interfered with her art work, for her "left hand drawings are an exhibition of wonder in Paris museums. **Margaret Balkwell's** wedding the day after graduation was a large affair. After the ceremony the guests roasted marshmallows on the beach over a bonfire made of the notes that Margaret and William wrote to each other during the last month of school. **Neil Mathieson**, the class poet, has written many beautiful songs and love lyrics. This disease is caused by a defective heart.

Zimma stopped speaking and made a sign to the green jade god. I realized I had learned all I had asked for, and the sphere seemed to understand, for somehow, under the still gaze of Countess Zimma it clouded magnificently like a black opal and then a servant took the tripod and crystal from the room.

Editor's Note—We have also been informed that Miss Dorothy Duncan, who has been in Hawaii since her graduation has recently married Count Loa Mon Oa, the wealthy Hawaiian sugar producer.

MIDNIGHT

H. A. C., '17

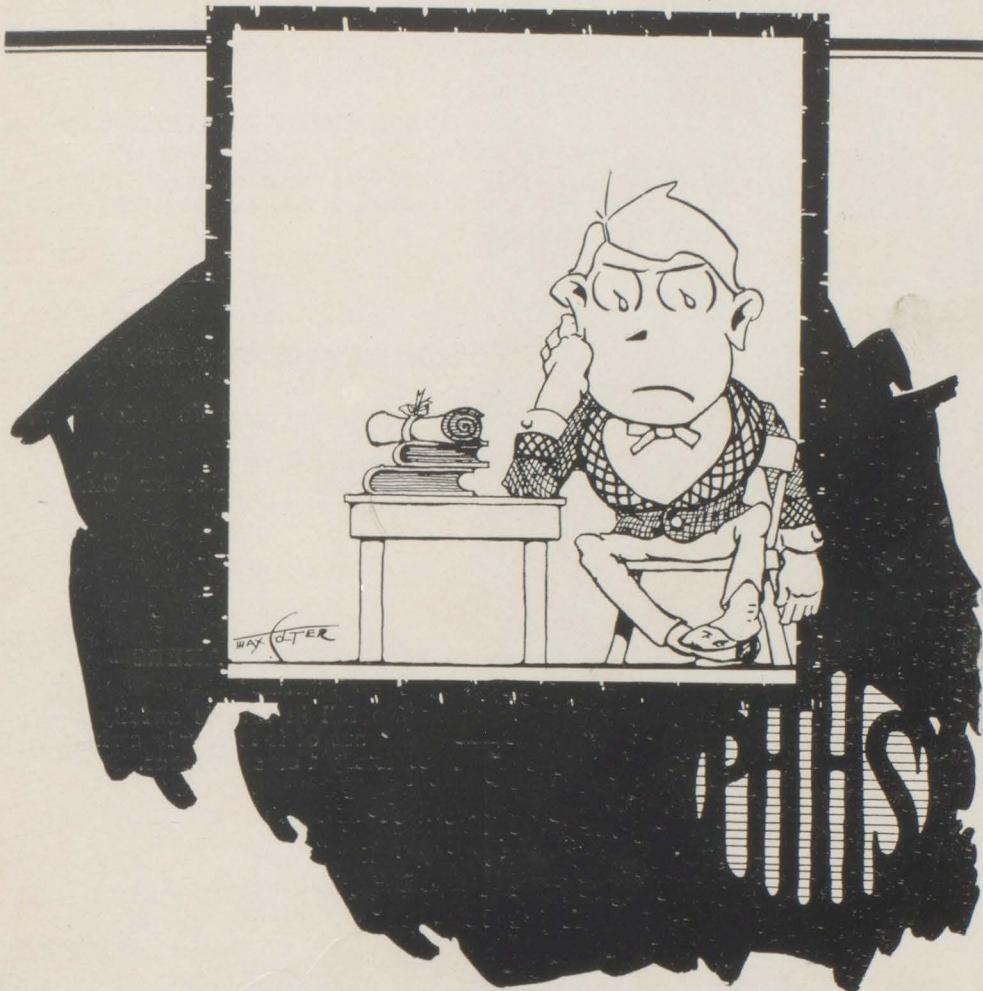
I heard a voice at midnight,
Call silently below,
Mary dear, put out the light
And tell your friend to go.

But someone silenced Mary dear,
From telling her friend to go;
When suddenly from somewhere near
Her father shouted "Go!"

I heard a foot upon the stair,
It hit me hard, I don't know where;
I hit the sidewalk on my "dome,"
Turned, shook my fist and hurried home.



CLASS OF 1917



OFFICERS OF 1917.

President	Ransom Stone
Vice President	Elsie Pressprich
Secretary	Dorris Robinson
Treasurer	Harold Carlisle
Sergeant-at-arms	Wesley Cox



GRACE IRENE CHAMBERS—

“Gracie”

“I care not for a man.”
English Course. First Aid, '17.

SAMUEL ARTHUR CARSON—

“Art”

“What I cannot do today I will do tomorrow.”
English Course. Football, '15, '16.
Baseball, '17. Booster Club. Stage
Carpenter.

MARY MADELYN AKERS—

“Billie”

“To fall in love is awfully simple—to
fall out of it is simply awful.”
History Course, Chorus.

MARK COLLINS—

“Yankee Girl”

“He looks his angel in the face without
a blush.”
Mathematics Course. Football, '14, '15,
'16. Baseball, '14, '15, '16. Basket Ball,
'16, '17.
Hillsdale College.

FLORENCE JONES—

“Curls”

“Blest with a smile that won’t wear
off.”
Latin Course. Senate, '15. Chorus.
Ypsilanti College, Teacher’s Course.

MARGARET ALBERTA BALKWELL—
“Teddy”

“Love is a pleasant woe.”
Commercial Course.

THOMAS HOLBOURNE BOARDMAN—
“Holby”

“Accomplishes wonders though he fidgets most of the time.”
Scientific Course. Basket Ball, '17.
Enlist in Navy.

JANETTE BAIN HILL—
“Bain”

“I do not fear to follow out the truth.”
History Course. Chorus. Glee Club.
First Aid, '17.

HAROLD AVERY CARLISLE—
“Abe”

“Our hustling busy business manager.”
Engineering Course. Sergeant at Arms,
'14. Treasurer, '16, '17. “Fatal Message,” '17. Student Business Manager,
'17. Booster Club.

HELEN ALLUM—
“Nell”

“May your shadow never grow less.”
Commercial Course.





FRANCES BUNCE KENDALL—
"Ken"

"She talks so incessantly that the echo hasn't a fair chance."
History Course. Constitutional Committee, '14. Hop Refreshment and Invitation Committee. Class Day Committee, '17. President First Aid, '17. Boarding School.

ROY MARSHALL HARRIS—
"Cocoa"

"A power of gentleness is irresistible."
English Course. President 1st term '15. Booster Club. Hop Committee, '17. Basket Ball, '13, '14, '15, '16. Football, '13, '14, '15, '16. Baseball, '14, '15, '16, '17. Hillsdale College.

MILDRED ANN CARLISLE—
"Mil"

"Vain, pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"
Latin Course. "Pierrot of the Minute," '17. Student, Society, '17. Class Secretary, '14. Hop Reception Committee, '17. Chorus. Ward Belmont School.

WESLEY SCHLICTER COX—
"Wes"

"Thou art a fellow of good respect."
Mathematics Course. "Fatal Message," '17. Sergeant at Arms, '17. Assistant Editor, Student, '17. University of Detroit.

SARAH FRANCENA ELLIOTT—
"Tile"

"So light of foot—so light of spirit."
English Course.
Normal.

EUNICE MAY DART—

“Eunie”

“She rules her own mind.”
History Course.

ERWIN WEAVER—

“Bo”

“Me thinks he loves naught better than
a girl.”
English Course. “Fatal Message,” '17.
Baseball, '17.

ERMA MILDRED STEINBORN—

“Laugh and the world laughs with you;
frown and you wrinkle your face.”
English Course. Chorus.

RANSOM STONE, JR.—

“Stony”

“Conceit is the finest armour a man
can wear.”
Latin Course. Class President, '17.
Football, '14, '15, '16. Baseball, '16, '17.
Captain, '17. Basket Ball, '16, '17.
Yale.

GLADYS BROTHERTON—

“Glady”

“So dignified—Nuff said!”
Latin Course. Ypsilanti — general
course.





DOROTHY DUNCAN—
"Doe"

"Love me and tell me so sometimes." English Course. Student Staff, '16, '17. Class Secretary, '15, '16. "Fatal Message," '17. P. H. H. S. Orchestra. Chorus. Glee Club. First Aid, '17. U. of M. Literary Course.

ROBERT EDWIN ANDERSON—
"Bob"

"All the great men are dying and I don't feel very well myself." History Course.

FREDA COLLINS—
"Fritz"

"She smiled on many just for fun." Scientific Course. Student Correspondent, '16. First Aid, '17.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WAUGH—
"Wally"

"Ye laddie of high degree." History Course. Basket Ball, '17. Baseball, '17.

ANNA LOUISE CAMERON—
"Smith"

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course." English Course. Chorus.

CARL BUSCHMANN SMITH—
“Germany”

“Yes, I am funny, but not quite a joke.”
Commercial Course. “Pot of Broth,”
’17.

GRACE DONALDSON—
“Babe”

“Little, but Oh my!”
Latin Course. Senate, ’14, ’15, ’16.
“Fatal Message,” ’17.

CLARE DEWEY TRIPP—
“Sudy”

“Young fellows will be young fellows.”
English Course. Arrangement Committee,
’17. Booster Club. Chorus, ’15,
’16. Glee Club, ’17.

EVELYN MARIE MARLETTE—
“Ted”

“She speaks, behaves and acts just as
she ought.”
Commercial Course.

JAMES HOWARD LANE—
“Parson”

“Night after night he sat and bleared
his eyes with study.”
History Course. Student, Ex. ’17.
House.
Albion. Literary Course.





FAITH EILEEN RANDALL—

“Pete”

“If it is good to die young it is a wonder Faith has lived this long.”
History Course.
Yysilanti. History.

HARRY ROSENTHAL—

“Rosie”

“I am the very pink of courtesy.”
History Course. Basket Ball, '17. Baseball, '17.

GRACE BASTEDO—

“Gray”

“A sweet attractive kind of Grace.”
Commercial Course.

WINIFRED BEACH—

“Jeff”

“She's a good pal.”
History Course. Chorus.

ALICE SARAH COOK—

“Allie”

“Mix reason with pleasure and wisdom with fun.”
English Course.

KATE DUNFORD—

“Kalinka”

“Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name I hear.”
History Course. Hop Refreshment Committee, '17.

SCHUYLER BROWER SMITH—

“Smitty”

“And still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew.”
English Course. Booster Club. Football, '16. Chorus. House. University of Michigan.

HELEN CAMPBELL—

“Toss”

“Some think the world was made for fun and frolic, and so do I.”
English Course. Chorus. Ypsilanti College.

BERCHARD LAMAR RAPLEY—

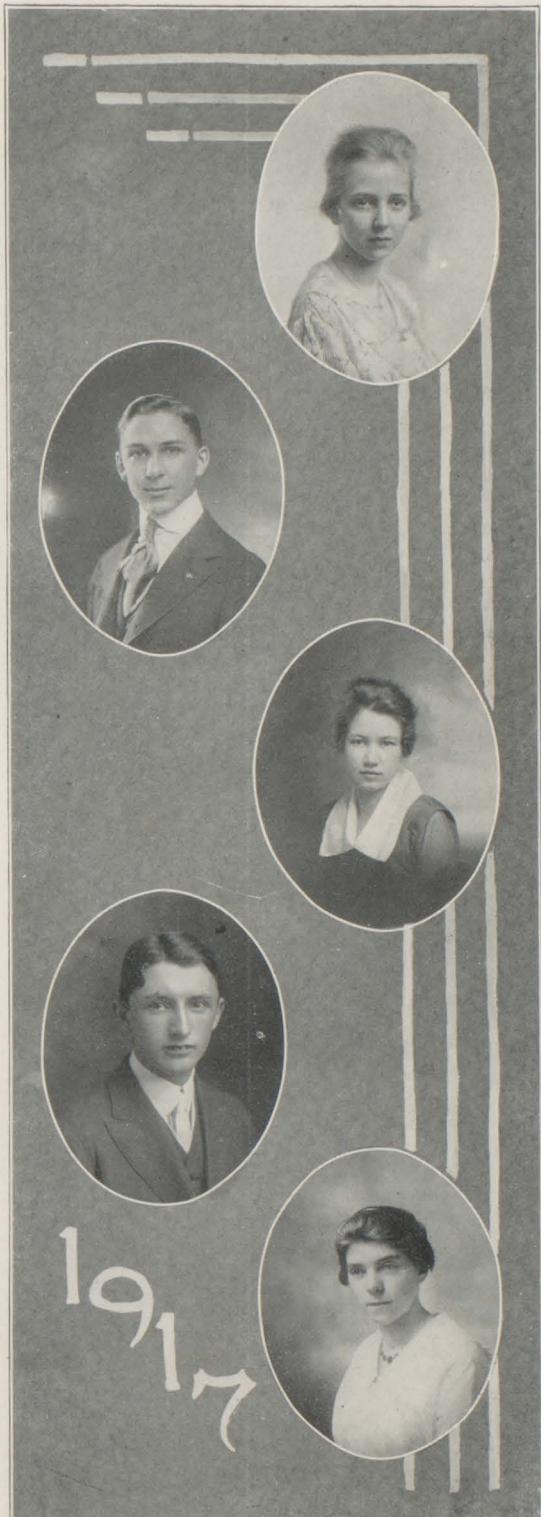
“Bert”

“A sleek, dapper little man.”
Commercial Course. Booster Club. House. Chorus. Basket Ball, '17. Baseball, '17.

LYDA MAE JEX—

“Jexie”

Latin Course. Senate, '16. Chorus, '14. Ypsilanti.





DOROTHY JENKS—

"Dora"

"An admirer of tall and graceful lads."
History Course. Student Staff, '17.

EVERETT JOHN McCABE—

"Nutz"

"See how beauty is excelled by manly grace."
English Course. Booster Club.
University of Michigan.

GLADYS VIVIAN STEVENS—

"Glad"

"I love but one—I can love no more—just now."
Latin Course. Chorus. Hop Invitation Committee. Banquet Committee, '17.
Normal.

THOMAS JAMES REID—

"Tommy"

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."
Mathematics Course. "Pot of Broth," '17 Booster Club. Chorus. Football, '15, '16. Baseball, '17. House.
University of Michigan.

LELA LEONIE MAY—

"Bud"

"Not yet in bloom."
Commercial Course.
Ypsilanti College.

FREIDA LEHMANN—

“Friday”

“Lend to the rhyme of the poet the
beauty of thy voice.”
History Course. P. H. H. S. Orchestra.
Constitutional Committee, '14.
Chorus, '14, '16.

CARL HILL STURMER—

“Steam Boat”

“He loves but one, he loves no more.”
English Course.

QUINNETH C. SUMMERS—

“Quin”

“She loves Physics—and 9:45 classes?”
Latin Course. Senate, '15, '16. Senate
President, '16. Student Ed., '17. Class
Day Committee, '17. First Aid, '17.
Banquet Committee, '17.
University of Michigan, Literary De-
partment.

FRANCIS WILLIAM SCOTT—

“Scotty”

“Tell me, my heart, if this be true love”
English Course. Senior Play. Business
Manager, '17. Hop Reception Commit-
tee, '17. Football, '14, '16.

MARY LOUISE CHAMBERS—

“Chary”

“Her very frowns are fairer far than
smiles of other maidens are.”
Latin Course. Pres. 2nd semester '16.
“Pierrot of the Minute,” '17. Hop Re-
ception Committee, '17. Chorus.





LILLIAN HEDDLE—

“Lil”

“An actress indeed.”
Commercial Course. Glee Club, '17.
“Pot of Broth,” '17.

GORDON FRED GODLEY—

“Bun”

“As true a lover as ever sighed.”
Engineering Course. Student Adv.
Mgr., '17. Booster Club. Play Elec-
trician, '17.
University of Michigan.

GLADYS IAILEEN TAYLOR—

“Dutch”

“Being good is a lonesome job.”
History Course. Stage Artist, '17.
Chorus.

ELWOOD ANDERSON WINDHAM—

“Windy”

“Hath he not an innocent look.”
Mathematics Course.
University of Michigan, Engineering.

ANNA NETTIE SMITH—

“Punch”

“A little girl with soft ways and a gen-
tle voice.”
English Course. Chorus. First Aid,
'17.

ELSIE EMELIE PRESSPRICH—

“Cia”

“It beats the dutch, how she loves us so much.”
Latin Course. Senate, '14, '15, '16.
Alumni, Student, '17. Class Vice-President, '17.
Ypsilanti.

LEE WEST LEONHARD—

“Dick”

“Love me little, love me long.”
English Course. Stage Carpenter, '17.
Student, Circulation Mgr., '17.

HELEN IRENE MANUEL—

“H. I.”

“I perceive in you an excellent touch of modesty.”
English Course. Class Day Committee, '17. Hop Invitation Committee, '17. Chorus.

MARK JOHN HAYNES—

“Shrimp”

“One who loves not unwisely but too well.”
English Course. Student, Athletics, '17.
Hop Program and Decoration Committees, '17. Baseball, '15, '16, '17. Football, '14, '15, '16. Basketball, '14, '15, '16.
University of Michigan, Business Administration.

MARION ELISE GRAY—

“Gussie”

“Time and tide wait not even for sweet ladies.”
History Course. Student reporter, '17.
First Aid, '17.
Simmons College.





FLORENCE MABEL GIBBS—
"Bud"

"The most completely lost is that day
on which she has not giggled."
Mathematics Course. Senate, '16.
Chorus.
Ypsilanti—History and English Course.

HOWARD EVERETT PARSONS—
"Deacon"

"The best may err."
Scientific Course.
M. A. C.

IDA MARGUERITE MAY—
"Muggins"

"By my efforts I hope to rise to fame."
History Course. Senate, '16. First
Aid, '17.

NEIL MATHEISON—
"Mat"

"Love seldom haunts the mind where
learning lies."
English Course. House, '17. Booster
Club.

ELEANOR ALMEDA LUDLOW—
"Blondie"

"Her thoughts are like a flock of but-
terflies."
English Course.

PRUDENCE MILLS ROWE—

"Prue"

"Brevity is the soul of wit."
Latin Course.
University of Michigan.

ELTON PARKER—

"Fat"

"A man after his own heart."
History Course.

ZILPHA IRENE GILLET—

"Zilph"

"She talks but little; that's her greatest peculiarity."
Commercial Course. First Aid, '17.
"Fatal Message," '17.

MARSHALL DRAPER—

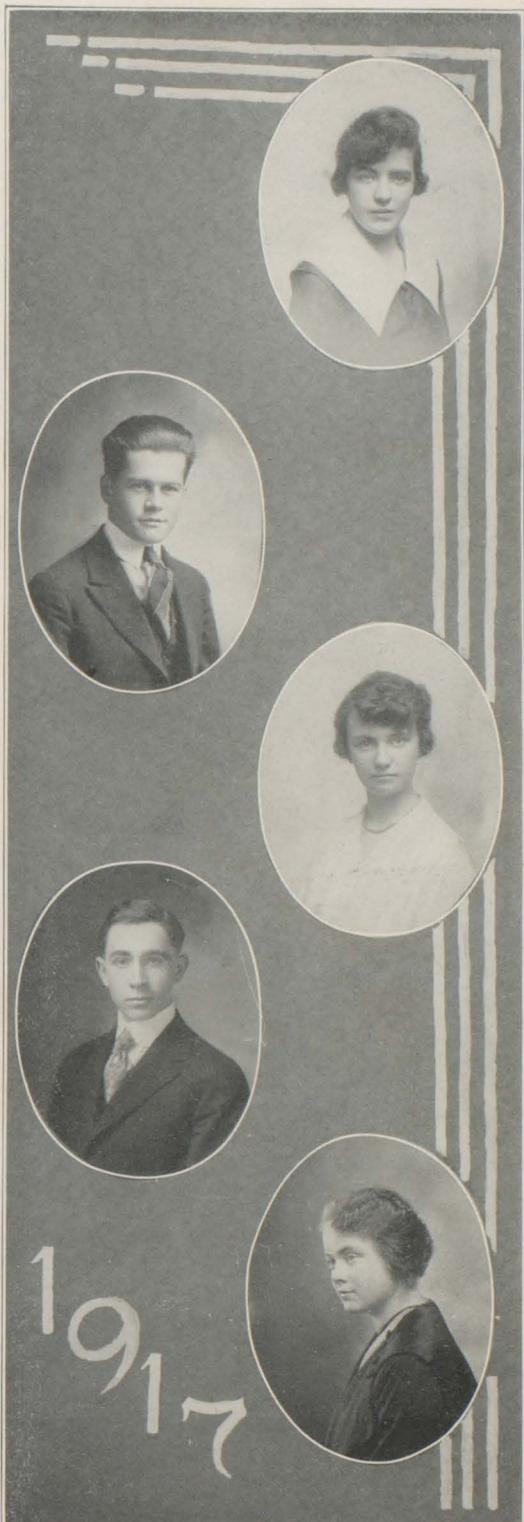
"Red"

"An honest man close-buttoned to the chin, broadcloth without, warm-hearted within."
English Course. Booster Club.

DORRIS JESSIE ROBINSON—

"Bobbie"

"To love her was a liberal education."
History Course. Class Secretary, '17.
First Aid, '17.





MARY LOUISE McARRON—

“Louie”

“Begone dull care! Thou and I can never agree.”
Latin Course. Senate, '16. “Fatal Message,” '17. First Aid, '17.

GORDON RENWICK MAITLAND—

“Pick”

“His complexion will always get him a job.”
Engineering Course. House-Speaker, '17. Booster Club. Football, '16. Captain Baseball, '17. Student Advertising Manager, '17. Class Treasurer, '15. Debating Team, '17. Assistant Stage Mgr., '17. Banquet Committee, '17. Michigan Agricultural College.

FRANCES HELEN MOAK—

“Fron”

“All our swains admire her.”
Latin Course. Class Vice-President, '16. Secretary, '15.

MAX COLTER—

“Mud”

“Let be my name, my deeds will speak.”
English Course. Art Staff, '14, '15, '16, '17. Student Business Manager, 1st term '17. Decoration and Program Committee, Hop and Invitation Committee, '17. Baseball, '15, '16. Football, '15, '16. Basket Ball, '16, '17. University of Michigan, Architecture.

JOSEPHINE ELIZABETH McCARTY—

“Joe”

Merry and blithe is she.”
English Course.

NETTIE LOUISE RADEMACHER—
“Mutt”

“By diligence she wins her way.”
History Course. Chorus.

HERMAN CARL KUNZE—
“Kunze”

“I confess nothing nor I deny nothing.”
Commercial Course. Booster Club.

EVELYN CORONA PACE—

“Wise from the top of her head up.”
Latin Course. First Aid, '17. Chorus.
University of Michigan, Music.

RALPH DONALD JENKINS—
“Mr. Jenkins”

“Friends tho' absent are yet present.”
English Course.

MILLICENT NEIL—
“Mill”

“I chatter, chatter as I go.”
Latin Course. Chorus.
Oxford, Literary.





Honor Roll

The following students have an average of 90 or above in each study:

Seniors

Marguerite May	Mildred Carlisle
Elsie Pressprich	Faith Randall
Herman Kunze	Grace Donaldson
Alice Cook	Quinneth Summers
Louise McArron	Evelyn Pace
Prudence Rowe	

Juniors

Violet Crawford	Grace Kishpaugh
Florence Fleming	Mildred Little
Blanche Hull	Jean McCue
Mary Porrett	Marie Schweitzer
Robert Farr	Amos Snyder

Sophomores

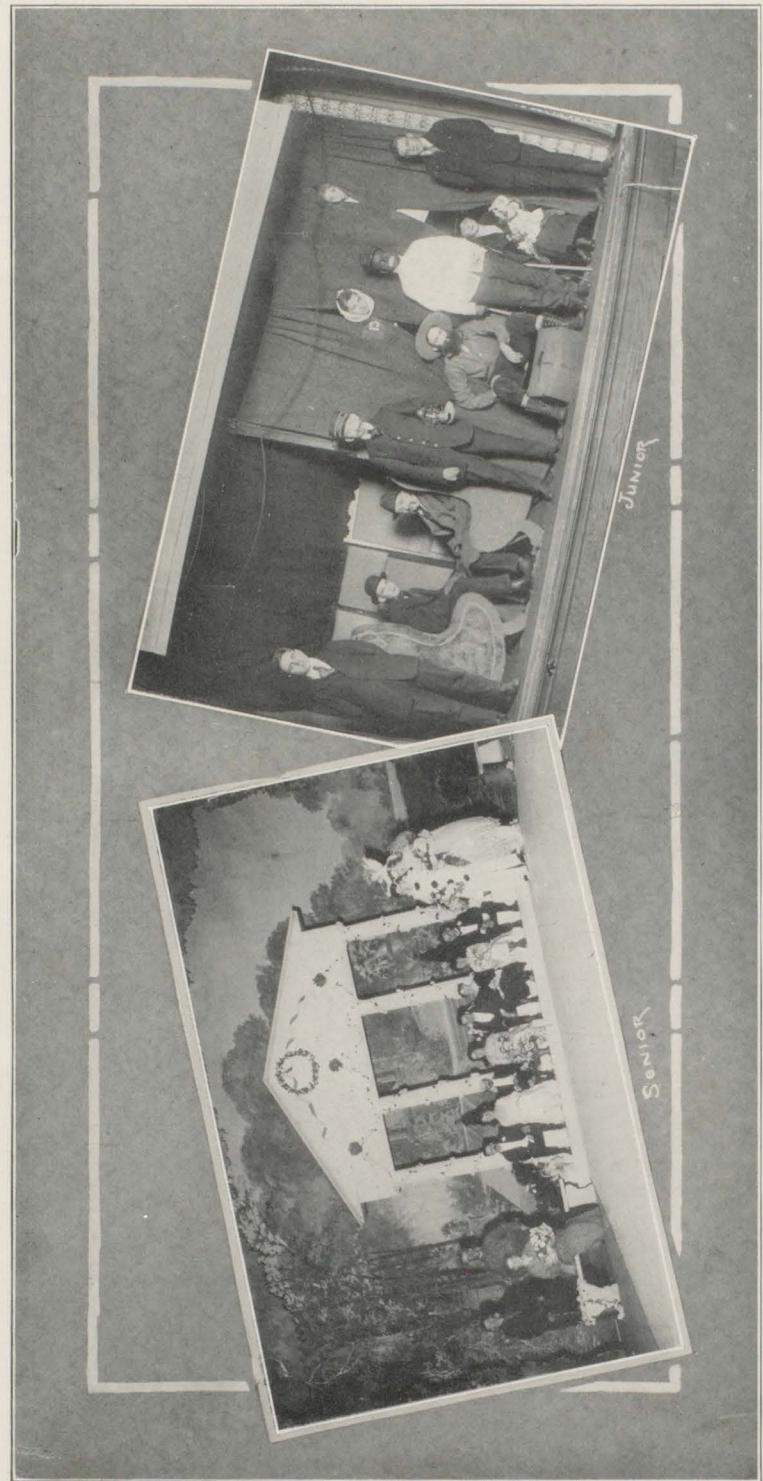
Lily Hagle	Beatrice Winn
Marie Herbert	Viola Hart
Edna Nern	Beth Gillsby
Helen Barrett	Edith Brown
Mary Hamlin	Gretta Roberts
Mildred Smith	

Freshmen

Kenneth De Graw	Francis Moore
George Gillsby	Marian Stewart
Marie Maurer	Blanche Warren
Elizabeth Brown	Alice West
Maud Jones	Lena Whybrew
William Balmer	Eugene Lewis
Oliver Hanton	Carl Limberg
Justin Rubenstein	Chas. Taylor
Harold Tibbits	

Post Graduate

Mary Lohrstorfer



Dramatics

The Senior Class of 1917 presented on the evening of Friday, April thirteenth, three one-act plays in place of the customary three-act play. These modern forms of the drama were unusual for high school production and demanded talent and training neither of which were lacking. Compliments to Miss Sibilla's instruction and artistic ability were heard from every side as were the praises for each actor.

The "curtain raiser" was, "A Pot of Broth," by W. B. Yeats, which called for real Irish peasants and was successfully answered by Carl Smith, Thomas Reid and Lillian Heddle. The play was full of Irish wit and was much appreciated by the large and interested audience.

The second play, "The Fatal Message," a farce by John Kendricks Bangs, was enthusiastically received. The play was very humorous, being a realistic reproduction of how amateur theatricals are usually played and managed. The parts were cleverly taken by Robert Houston and Dorothy Duncan who represented Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins; Zilpha Gillett, a professional waitress; Harold Carlisle, Mr. Robert Yardsley, the stage manager; Erwin Weaver, Louise McArron, Grace Donaldson and Wesley Cox, who were cast for parts in the play within the play.

The two comedies were followed by a most artistic production of Ernest Dawson's "Pierrot of the Minute." Mildred Ann Carlisle as the "Moon Maiden"—a charming immortal and Mary Louise Chambers as Pierrot—the most lovable of the earth-born, with their melodious voices and graceful steps, together with the sweet faint music and classic scenic effects transported the audience to the world of fancy. It was a beautiful climax for a highly successful evening which added three more worthy plays to the High School's dramatic record.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

The precedent was broken, this year, in the novel entertainment given by the Juniors for the Seniors. In the place of the merry festal board, they provided a feast of wit and humor, in the play called, "In the Pullman Car," by W. D. Howells. Great secrecy was observed and many mysterious meetings were held in various rooms for several weeks preceding the event. Miss Chapin and Miss Sibilla not only successfully kept the general public in darkness as to their plans but also produced an entertainment which was highly appreciated by all and the Seniors declared they were glad "it" wasn't a banquet. The play was enacted with great skill and furnished a great deal of amusement for all present.

After the theatre party the corridors were cleared and dancing furnished the amusement for the rest of the evening.



Junior Basket Ball Team

Basket Ball

The Inter-Class basket ball schedule was very successful this season. There was much class spirit and the Juniors and Seniors almost came to blows. The Juniors were declared the winners by a decision handed down by Supt. Lewis.

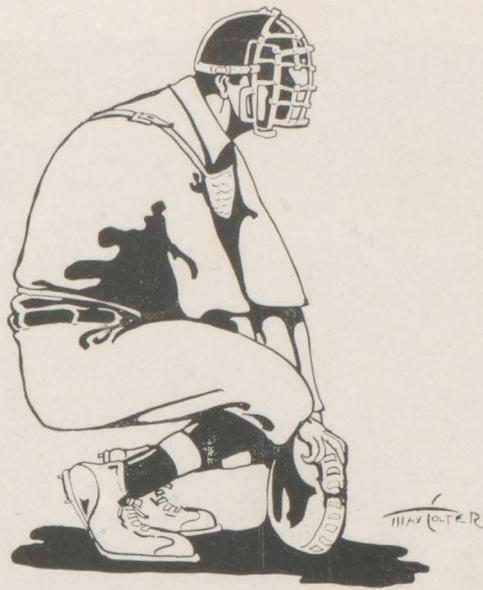
The most interesting game was played between the Seniors and the Juniors, going two periods over time, the Seniors finally coming out two points to the good. This game, however, was forfeited, the Seniors having used an ineligible player.

The Freshies started slow but finished in whirl-wind style having the fastest team in the league.

The "Sophs" played a steady game all the way through, and had some especially fine basket shooters.

The teams lined up as follows:

Seniors	Juniors	Soph.	Fresh.
Maitland, Capt.	Waterworth	Oliver	Sickles
Harris	Chamberlain, Capt.	Kleinstiver	Bonnet
Stone	Thompson	Norris, Capt.	Nickolson, Capt.
Colter	Simms	Hart	Gerrie
Waugh	Goldman	Watts	Phillips
Jenkins	Fox	Richards	Moore
Scott	Holt	Sullivan	Johnstone



ATHLETICS

MARK HAYNES, '17

When Coach Myers issued his call for baseball recruits this spring, everything pointed to a hard year for "Tubby" because Harris and Stone were the only two veterans, but Tubby has again come across with the goods and has given P. H. H. S. a team of players who are capable of putting up a good fight against some of the strongest teams in the state.

Mt. Clemens—Port Huron

When Port Huron baseball fans found that our high school pill slingers were to play Mt. Clemens they thought at the time that Port Huron would have the big end of the deal and those who saw that game are here to state that it was about as exciting as a debate between two deaf and dumb debating teams with all odds in favor of the dummies.

Enough has been said, the score will tell the rest for it ended 31 to 3, favor of our huskies.

Port Huron—Saginaw—At Saginaw

This was the first defeat of the season. The day was so cold that only about 50 rooters turned out for the game. The Saginaw pitcher seemed to have a special grudge against our team as he hit eight of them and on account of this and his terrific speed, Port Huron seemed lost and did not find themselves until it was too late. French pitched an excellent game for P. H. H. S. and if the weather had been somewhat better, he might have received



Base Ball Team

better support. Bonnet caught a fine game getting four men out at second. Score, 10-6.

Yale—Port Huron.

Port Huron let loose Saturday and took Yale into camp to the tune of 11 to 6.

The fellows displayed better team work in this game than they have so far this season. Carson was at the receiving end and handled the pill like a veteran.

The team seems to be rounding into shape now and things are beginning to look brighter for a successful season.

Anker Holth—P. H. H. S.

P. H. H. S. suffered nobly for the cause of the Red Cross Thursday afternoon by taking a severe drubbing from the Anker Holths 17 to 4. Our team fought gamely although a little ragged at times but the Anker Holth men were too much for P. H. H. S. and as a result we were defeated. French and Waugh were the shining lights for the red and white.

House Notes

The Fifth Session of the Port Huron High School House of Representatives will stand out in the memory of all active representatives as one of the most successful since the founding of the organization.

In the fall Referee Anderson convened the House and the year's officers were elected. Debating was started at once. The questions debated were "Government Ownership of Railways" and the "Tariff."

Early in March the House met Detroit Western in a dual debate on the question: "Resolved, That the United States Own and Maintain Its Own Railways, Both Steam and Electric."

Robert Farr, Warren Simms and Gordon Maitland defended the affirmative at home, while the negative team, Philip Amadon, Ross Fox and Elmer Hess went to Detroit. The House lost both debates two to one.

Then came the second dual debate of the year, when the House met the Albion High School on the "Railroad" question. The House team composed of Ross Fox, Elmer Hess and Harold Pettengill was defeated. But at Albion, Robert Farr, Warren Simms and Clele Matheison showed their superiority over opponents by gaining a unanimous decision of the judges.

The annual banquet was held May the twenty-fourth at the Hotel Harrington with Mr. Shirley Stewart as toastmaster. At the banquet the members of the debating teams were presented with letters.

The roll of the House for this year is as follows:

Theo. Anderson—Referee.

Representative G. Maitland, Speaker —Michigan.

Representative N. Matheison—Ohio.

Representative E. Chamberlain, Student Reporter—Pennsylvania.

Representative W. Simms—New York.

Representative E. Stringer—Kentucky.

Representative R. Farr, Treasurer and Assistant Clerk—Nevada.

Representative C. Robinson—Washington.

Representative C. Matheison—North Carolina.

Representative R. Fox—New Mexico.

Representative P. Amadon—Indiana.

Representative E. Hess—Virginia.

Representative G. Tappan—Louisiana.

Representative A. Browning—North Dakota.

Representative J. Cowan—South Dakota.

Representative H. Pettengill—Mississippi.

Representative J. Conat—Massachusetts.

Representative A. Hogan—Maine.

Representative D. Watterworth—New Hampshire.

Representative R. Brothwell—Vermont.

Representative E. Bassett—Delaware.

Representative H. Hill—Tennessee.



Debating Teams



The above is a picture of "The Loyal Order of Waiters," an organization which was organized to serve the Chamber of Commerce at their banquets. It was under the head of Mr. Davis who is a very efficient head waiter. If there are any organizations who want a troop of organized waiters, very efficient, phone to Mr. Davis.

P. S.—Their fee is a share of the eats.

Port Huron High School Cadets

Thomas Reid, Jr.—'17

This patriotic organization is composed of over seventy-five of the students of our school, with the motive of familiarizing themselves with the rudiments of militarism so that they may be of some service to their country during the war with Germany. They drill twice a week, every Tuesday and Thursday nights at the Guards' Armory, under the able command of Capt. John H. Mann, who has so kindly donated his services to the boys. The following are the members:

T. Reid	G. Fisher
H. Jackson	B. French
R. Norris	G. Buckner
M. Haynes	H. Ross
B. Philips	W. Oliver
C. Dyer	F. Stoudt
S. Smith	H. Boardman
J. Course	R. Brothwell
A. Meno	H. Ludlow
H. Johnson	B. Langtry
G. Tappan	A. Browning
G. Manuel	C. Houle
J. McLaughlin	H. Mann
E. Windham	N. Hess
D. MacTaggart	H. McElroy
A. Dixon	C. Beneway
E. Hartson	Corp. Jones
W. Duff	B. Ullenbruch
H. Crimmins	Dimmick
C. Hill	D. J. McColl
G. Hill	L. Kleinstiver
F. Sovereign	R. Fogarty
S. Wright	Perkers
G. Isbester	D. Rupe
A. Hamlin	E. Lewis
J. Pohl	J. Cowan
H. Kendall	A. Hogan
N. Grey	J. Hall
R. Johnson	B. Baker
V. Sickles	N. Pettengil
E. Goldman	F. Charleston
H. Currie	A. McCoy
R. Stone	M. Edmondson
T. Gerrie	A. Taylor
B. Bonnett	S. Sullivan
R. Scupholm	G. Godley





Senior Art

The First Aid Class

ELAINE McELROY, '18

The Junior and Senior girls of our school have shown some patriotism by organizing a First Aid Class. Dr. J. J. Moffett is the instructor of the class of twenty girls.

Frances Kendall is president, and Elaine McElroy secretary and treasurer. The class is a branch of the American National Red Cross Society.

The following is the list of members:

Frances B. Kendall—President. Elaine McElroy—Sec. and Treasurer.

Irene Brown	Marguerite May
Freida Collins	Evelyn Pace
Dorothy Duncan	Hope Phillips
Barbara Duncan	Grace Chambers
Marion Gray	Dorothy Stephenson
Bain Hill	Bertral Summers
Helen Hoppe	Helen McColl
Norma Heeke	Marjorie Neville
Edna Hall	Zilpha Gillett
Lena Hodder	Anna Smith
Lorreene Crorey	Quinneth Summers
Louise McArron	Dorris Robinson
Margaret Kuhn	

The Last Shot

A Tragedy by William Speareshaker.

CHARACTERS.

Daniel O'Shoot	Father of Nellie
Nellie O'Shoot	A daughter of Daniel
Pedro McBaldhead.....	The villain
Percy DeNiffenfork.....	The hero
Joe Sharpeyes.....	The detective
Iva Smallbrain.....	The maid
James Stiffront.....	The Butler

ACT FIRST

Scene I—Room in O'Shoot's house. Enter Daniel.

Dan: What is this I see? There is murder in the air. What is that upon the bed? Is that you, Mame? What, no answer? Alas, I fear the worst. Help! Help! My wife is dead. (Faints).

Scene II—Room in Servants' Apartments.

Jas (leaping out of bed)—Was that a shriek for help? (Rapping on door). Enter who'er it may be. (Aside). Perhaps they bring me news.

(Enter servant girl).

Iva—Come quick, Mr. Stiffront, the master has fainted and the mistress has died. (Exeunt).

Pedro (crawling out from under bed)—Aha! Little do they realize that Pedro McBaldhead did this terrible deed. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ACT SECOND.

Scene I—O'Shoot's bedroom.

Detective Sharpeyes (looking over scene)—Um, this looks to me like a clear case of suicide.

Percy—But how could that be when there is a wound on the left side of her face and not on the right where it would have been if she had killed herself?

Det.—You're right; I never thought of that. I will put that in the paper.

Percy—Appoint me as your assistant and I will soon get the man for you as I have had experience, for I took lessons from the International Correspondence School.

Det.—What, did you do that? Why, that's where I learned the profession. Shake hands.

Percy—In the first place we must put on our disguises.

Det.—I have already got mine on. See? (taking off his beard).

Percy—I have one also. See? (drawing out a splendid moustache).

(Exeunt arm in arm)

Scene II—In a back room of the Red Nose Saloon.

Pedro—Well, I have got all the money from her, and have also killed her. Little did she think that I would track her to her death for stealing those beautiful pearls from me.

Scene III—Bedroom in O'Shoot's home.

Dan.—Surely that murderer has not taken those pearls. Alas, it is true he has done that terrible thing. I did not care about that murder but it was the pearls that I cared about. (Enter Percy).

Percy—Why look so sad, Mr. O'Shoot? Is not Detective Percy H. DeNiffenfork working on the case?

Dan—Alas, Percy, over one million dollars in pearls have been stolen.

Percy—Don't be frightened, I will soon have the murderer captured.

(Exeunt with arms about each other).

ACT THREE.

Scene I—Parlor in Mr. O'Shoot's house.

Dan.—Do not kick me out at this late stage of my life; I have only a few years to live.

Pedro—You may say that you have paid this mortgage but you must slow me the mortgage has been paid, by a receipt.

Dan.—But you told me to burn up that receipt as it would be no good to me.

Pedro—Ah, ha! You fool, so you did do that? Didn't you know that I inated you and all your family?

Dan.—You may have the high place just now, but you can not call me a fool. (They fight).

(Enter Percy)

Percy—What is this, a fight? (Joins the the fight on Daniel's side).

Dan.—There now, maybe you will think twice before you call me a fool again.

Percy—What was all this fight about, anyway?

Dan—This man McBaldhead tried to collect that old debt that I paid some years ago, as you and he both know very well.

Percy—Indeed I do know it, as I have got the receipt home.

Pedro—Foiled, but you will never know who killed Mrs. O'Shoot.

Percy—You killed her, you fool, don't you suppose I know it? Why, I have known it all along, for I saw your finger prints on the desk. (Puts the handcuffs on him and takes him out).

Dan.—I will give him my daughter as his bride.

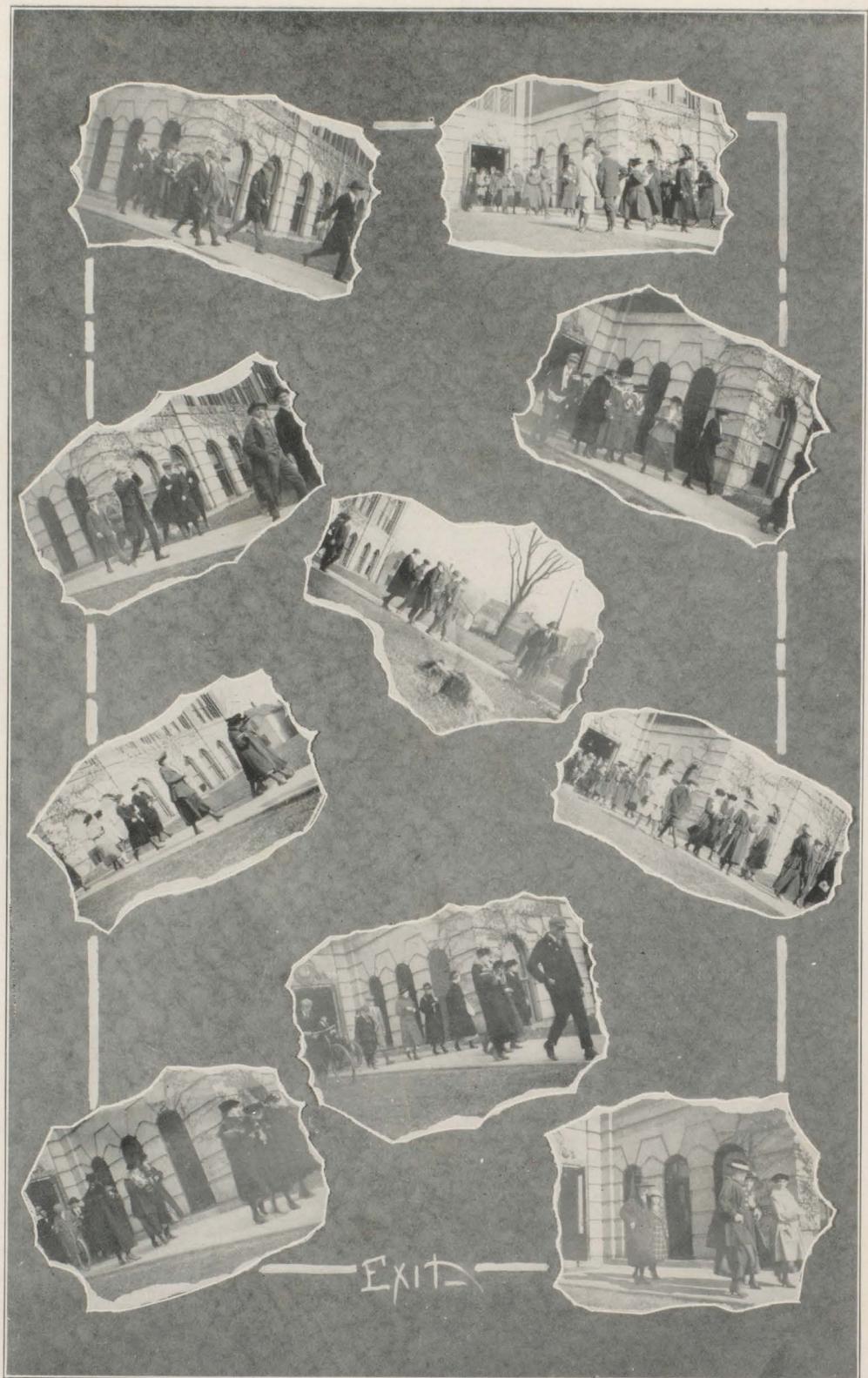
(The end).

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

An Englishman who was paying his first visit to this country was not very familiar with the slang words often used. One day while riding on a street car he was attracted by the extraordinary appearance of a baby in the arms of a woman who was seated opposite him. He kept watching the child constantly and the mother, growing angry, suddenly leaned over and hissed:

"Rubber!"

"Thank the Lord, ma'am," said the Englishman, much relieved, "I thought it was real, upon me word!"



Books

WARREN SIMMS, '18

I.

Babylonian tablets of baked brick and stone,
Written in languages 'till lately unknown,
Discovered in ruins of wonderful towns;
Legal documents, bills,
Histories and hymns,
The glories and downfall of numerous kings.

II.

From Egypt and Rome come wonderful scrolls,
Containing rich literature by artists of old,
Papyrus and parchment to the world has come;
Philosophy, satire,
Tragedy and wit,
By grave monks and kings in stately script.

III.

Paper, the printing press, libraries and schools;
Some written by masters and some by fools,
Books after hard struggle have evolutionized;
Science, civilization,
Politics and war,
We will study them now forever more.

A MOVIE THRILL IN ONE ACT

THOMAS J. REID, JR.

We rushed in so quickly we almost ran,
To be in there before the movie began,
In climbing and crawling to our end seat,
We crushed people's hats and stepped on their feet.
Sitting down we began at the wall to stare
Until a man behind us let us know he was there,
By telling his lady friend all of the play.
Now it made the people in front of us so
Nervous they couldn't stay.
The man took the hint and kept himself still.
Now everything went all right until,
The hero of the screen made a few of us yell,
When from the top of a cliff he all at once fell.
We rose from our seats and started for home—
The rest of this romance is as dry as a bone.

"Miss Olden thinks the hotel clerk just lovely."

"Why so?"

"He wrote after her name on the hotel register, 'Suite 16.'"

Married

THOMAS REID, '17

When they're walking close together,
All regardless of the weather;
When they see no passerby,
And they do not even try;
When she whispers to the fellow
In a voice that's sweet and mellow,
And she hangs onto his arm
In a manner full of charm;
When he helps her o'er the curbing,
And from jolts that are disturbing;
When they're out upon parade,
And he's tender to the maid;
When they're acting somewhat spoony,
And are talking language looney;
When he's a gallant knight
You can bet your hat all right—
They're engaged.
When along the streets they scurry,
And he yells to her to hurry;
When he's fifteen feet ahead,
And no useless words are said;
When his conversation's scrappy,
And her replies are snappy,
When he pauses to relate,
"Damm it, my, you're always late!"
When at every corner crossing
There is pulling, hauling, bossing;
When he looks distinctly peeved,
And she looks as though she's grieved;
When they dodge about and stumble,
When they slip and slide and tumble;
Just because they are in haste,
And they have no time to waste,
"They're married."

Miss Trathen—"What is a caterpillar?"
Bright Lad—"An upholstered worm."

She: "Do you think that the automobile will displace the horse?"
He (nervously gazing down the road): "It will if it hits him."

Miss Moore: "What was the chief characteristic of General Grant?"
F. Jones: "He had a strong head."

Q. Summers (half way home on a hot day): "My, I wish I had an electric chair!"

With the Aid of Tommy

Soti Kan begs permission to send to the honorable Yuan Itske, his noble brother, greeting, and tremendous wishes for a happy constitution and pleasant dreams.

My brother, I have arrived in this strange land and have immediately commenced school. I told you of my most eventful journey, and must now describe this queer, surprising place where I spend most of my time.

The school is made of three long, wide houses, one placed over the other, the upper ones being reached by many steps. Thru the middle of these houses run long alleys called halls which are used by the students as a place where walks may be taken, refreshments enjoyed and an old friend saluted in a very queer way, by either striking at his head with a book and knocking him about (I suppose this must be one of their forms of exercise, altho I have not been assured on that point), or asking that friend if he has his "Trig" or his "Caesar." (These are two noble gentlemen who were about to aid our beloved country against the hated enemy Russia just before our great victory, and this glorious government commended their bravery by ordering that all watches be named either "Trig" or "Caesar" in memory of their extraordinary daring and by commanding all of its citizens to carry one of them on penalty of a severe fine, while students must not come without them or must remain after school in a terrible dungeon called the "Atethour" where they are submitted to all kinds of torture; so an obliging and exceedingly pleasing youth named Tommy has kindly informed me. He said it was not required that I carry one as I am a "coolie" which I think means a great hero.

The first thing I noticed when I arrived was that the number of girls surpasses that of the boys. My friend Tommy says it is because it is the fashion just now. It is also the fashion for a student to bring some toy such as an alarm-clock, a newspaper or a pet spider to his class when he has not prepared the assigned work. He is invariably sent to the office (Tommy says this is a place not to be mentioned in anybody's presence, and he ought to know as he has been there) and consequently is spared the painful process of making a "bluff" which means talking so fast that the teacher is glad to promise him any amount of tens to get him shut off, or else holding one's hand high in the air that the said teacher will never ask him to rise and shine. I tried this latter method yesterday, but my arm grew so tired that I let it fall suddenly with a slight crash, and immediately a bell sounded some place. Everybody rushed for the door and made for the open air in spite of my insistent remonstrances that I had meant no harm. I was pushed outside with the rest, and no one seemed to notice me. When everyone was out of the building we all went in again. I was very much puzzled. But I found Tommy, and he said it was only a "Fire-drill" and it wasn't my fault at all. I was very much relieved. However, when I must bluff again I shall resort to the first method. It is much safer.

I have not yet found out what the "Fire-drill" is, but I believe it is the modern form of the "Fire-dance" which the former natives used to practice. I read of this in a "History of the American Indian." It may be, however, that I am mistaken, and that "Fire-drill" is merely a slang expression for "a way to become warm." I must ask Tommy.

Everyone takes off his hat and leaves on his shoes here on entering. I am not yet used to that, nor to the uncomfortable clothes I must wear. My neck is encased in a high, stiff, round article called a collar which supports my head so high that I cannot see any lower than six inches below a line drawn perpendicular to my chin. A perpendicular is a line drawn to another line in the soonest way it can get there. I found that out in a Geometry class. "Geometry," Tommy says, "is the science of corners and how to turn them." He says it is very useful in driving a car.

The halls branch off into rooms in which are queer seats and desks set in rows. A teacher has a desk and chair in front. It is her business to send one to the office if one is late and to remind the students to deposit their gum in the waste-basket upon entering the room.

There are two kinds of rooms, session and class. One goes to the session room to find out if he is present, tardy, or absent.

There are several class rooms and they are all different. Each room has a letter over the door, which my friend says is the initial of a word denoting the quality of the products contained in that room. A, stands for awful; B, bully; C, classy; etc. Again I have been fortunate enough to have my friend Tommy as a most delightful informant. Most of this I do not understand, but suppose that the name suits the occupants or they would change it.

As I could speak English before I came to America I have no special difficulty in making myself understood. But it is hard to get the meaning from another's words. This morning I met a young lady in the hall who told me the principal wanted to see me. I caught the principal's gaze, and then felt assured that he had his wish. But no, I soon discovered that "to see" means to go and speak with someone and to be scolded for not going sooner. I was very much surprised.

When the students feel especially active (which is sometimes not often) they pack themselves into a large room and let off steam by trying to yell louder than the next fellow. Then they put the ball players up in front and yell at them. After they have yelled about everything they can think of they yell some more and then leave, perfectly satisfied with themselves. This is called a "mass meeting" because, I suppose, we are massed in so very tightly that it is difficult to shout properly, since usually someone is standing on my feet, which is rather unpleasant, or I am on someone's, and in incessant danger of falling off. However, it is pleasing to be in danger at times as it calls forth one's courage.

Tommy has told me that every six weeks cards are given out telling what the different teachers think of one. I think mine all love me because they laugh at me so much. The cards are called "Report cards," a most appropriate name.

Whenever one gets hungry, he lunches on something from his pocket. I thought I would do it right and brought a little basket of lunch to diminish my hunger. But everyone seemed to think that funny, and Tommy says that lunches are not taken for the usual purpose, but merely to have something to do. I shall remember that, as it is the fashion here, and also the fashion to be in fashion.

I am often perplexed by the queer unusual things that we are expected to do, but with the aid of Tommy, I know that I shall always do the right thing. Farewell.

—SOTI KAN.

Compensation

GORDON R. MAITLAND, '17

That night there was to be a light football practice, just enough to limber up the men for the big game of the year, on the morrow, when Oakhall and Grayville were to play for the championship of the East. Coach Comb's last words to the Grayville players, Friday afternoon, were "Every fellow be in by nine o'clock tonight and do not eat before retiring." When he said these last words he was looking into the eyes of Mike Donnel, the wiry little half back. Mike, looking up, saw the coach staring at him, and immediately he jerked his head down, and stared at a hole in the ground. "That is all," said the coach and Mike walked slowly to the gym. He dressed and sauntered over to the library thinking of the last words of the coach, "Be in by nine o'clock and do not eat before retiring." Mike knew what it meant to the school to win the game from Oakhall tomorrow, but he also knew what it meant to him if he went to bed at nine o'clock.

Mike was only a Sophomore and he had a long future before him, a chance to star in football, but he had made an engagement for this unlucky Friday night two weeks previous, and had secured tickets for the play that was to be given in the city that night. He did not want to break the engagement, neither did he want it known that he had disobeyed the coach's orders. He sat in his room trying to think of a way to escape without the fellows knowing it. He had a brilliant thought; he would take his bed out onto the porch for the night. He could put his good suit inside the pillow, and the fellows would suspect nothing. He successfully performed this, then walked over to the boathouse and changed his clothes. He dressed with great care, for he wanted to make a deep impression upon the mind of Mae Duplex, a girl, who, in his eyes, had no equal; nor was he alone in this idea. More than one fellow thought her the prettiest girl in the city. As he left the boathouse, he could not help thinking, "Be in at nine o'clock." It was all bosh, anyhow. But if he should meet the coach, what would he think of him?

When he arrived in front of Mae's home, he rang the bell. While he was waiting for her to answer it, he glanced at his watch; it was just 7:30.

She came to the door and invited Mike in to speak to her mother and father. When they were ready to leave, Mr. Duplex exclaimed, "Be home early." This rather startled Mike. They passed through the main street, till they came to the theater, and Mike congratulated himself because he had met no one from school.

When they came out of the theater, they went directly home. Mae invited him in, but Mike was uncertain whether to go or not. He at last decided to go in for a short time. Just as they were entering the house, the clock struck ten. In a few moments Mae brought in something to eat. This was the last stroke. He tried to escape from eating by giving the excuse that he was not hungry, but Mae insisted upon his eating some of her cake—some she had made herself. This was too great a temptation to resist; he could no longer refuse.

When Mike was leaving for home, Mae's last words were, "I hope your being up late will not interfere with your playing tomorrow." He responded with a sickly grin.

On his way home Mike could not help thinking of the last words of the

coach that afternoon, comparing them with the last words of Mr. Duplex and the last words of Mae. When he went to bed it was 11:30. He did not sleep very well, and was glad when morning came. When he got up, he went down to the gym to get his usual rub down; all the fellows were singing and yelling, thinking the world was their's. When Mike's turn came, he walked slowly toward the coach, who, noticing his listless attitude, asked what was the matter. "Nothing," was the sullen reply.

It was three o'clock; the band was playing; the college was rooting, the flags were flying. As the band struck the first notes of the "Victors," the Grayville eleven came upon the field.

The coach again noticed Mike's lack of pep and made up his mind that he would watch him rather closely throughout the game. When the coach came around to give his last orders, he changed Mike from left half to right half. Because of the situation of the other team, this would be an easier position. So Mike thought that the coach knew that he had disobeyed orders.

In the first part of the game Mike could not gain a yard when called upon. In the first quarter neither team had scored; when the first half was over the score remained the same, 0 to 0.

Between halves the coach impressed upon their minds that they would have to play harder to win. He told Mike not to hesitate when he had the ball, and asked him if he wanted to be changed back to his old position. Mike quickly answered, "No." thinking he would have a good excuse to offer after the game for his poor playing.

The whistle blew for the second half and the captain whispered into Mike's ears, "Make up for it in this half." The game started and the ball kept getting closer and closer to Oakhall goal. The quarter-back noticed Mike's lagging, and did not like to take a chance by giving the ball to him. Grayville kept getting nearer the goal, and when they were within three yards of it, Mike's signal was given to go around left end. He took the ball, but his feet seemed to be made of lead and his head of feathers. He was tackled within one foot of the goal. He took the ball again but could not gain an inch. With one minute to play and the score 0 to 0 the quarter-back signaled for Mike to drop kick. He knew that all depended on him, and he did his best, but the ball went away out of its course, and the final whistle blew. Score 0 to 0.

Mike hurried away from his companions; he blamed his luck; he blamed the change of positions; he blamed the coach and the quarterback. Then he came face to face with Mae Duplex.

"Oh, I am so sorry, I should never have let you come out last night."

Mike hesitated one moment—here indeed was another loophole, somebody else to blame. But as he looked into her clear blue eyes he could lie neither to himself nor to her, and he blamed himself.

"It's not your fault Mae," he said in a trembling voice—a voice out of keeping with his great athlete's body—"it's not your fault. I haven't enough sense to come in out of the rain. I hadn't enough grit to call up and break the date, because I was afraid Bob Atkinson would get ahead of me. I'm a coward, an overgrown kid, and nothing of a man. By Jove, it's hard, but it'll be a lesson. I'll step down and out, and give you a chance with a real man. Good-bye, Mae."

But Mae did not see the outstretched hand. "It takes two to make a bargain, Mike, and maybe I prefer an overgrown kid; anyhow, I'll expect you out as usual Sunday evening. Au revoir."

The Eighth Hour

RUTH EVANS, '20

From three-fifteen to four o'clock
When our school day should be o'er,
Comes a long and dreary time
That is known as the eight hour.

I hear in the hall before me
The tramp of passing feet,
And the sound of closing doors,
And noises that can't be "beat."

From the room I see in the twilight
Descending the broad hall stair,
The many good pupils, both boys and girls
Who don't have to stay in here.

A sudden rush from the platform
A sudden raid from the chair,
And she comes down and tells us
We'll have to stay later there.

Do you think, O, Dearest Teacher
Because you have made me stay,
That I'll come again tomorrow
And never have time to play?

And time may go on forever
Yes, forever and a day,
But eight hour again, no never
Thru it will I have to stay.

A FAMILIAR LOCALITY

My friend, have you heard of the town Nogood,
On the banks of the river Slow;
Where the Sometime-or-other fills the air
And the soft Go-easys grow?
It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,
In the province of Let-her-slide;
It's the home of the reckless I-don't-care,
Where the Give-it-ups abide.
The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the light of years:
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams;
Its streets are all paved with discarded schemes
And are sprinkled with useless tears.—Ex.

The Tale

There's a tale 'bout a Freshie, a dear little Freshie
That studied so hard
For a 200 card
That his head swelled to great size
And his poor little body shrank 'fore our eyes.

There's a tale 'bout a Soph, a terrible Soph,
That spent all his time
(Just to help out this rhyme)
In regaining his size as a Freshie he'd lost,
And soon (!) weighed 400, much to his cost.

And a tale 'bout a Junior, lazy old Junior,
Who soon reached the skies,
(At least in his eyes)
From doing no work, that is work in name
Except yelling for "our side" at every game.

And as for the Senior, how 'bout the Senior?
Did he disappear?
Wholly disappear?
Just that, but not because he ranked as the best,
But because he flunked out on that final test.

COLD O

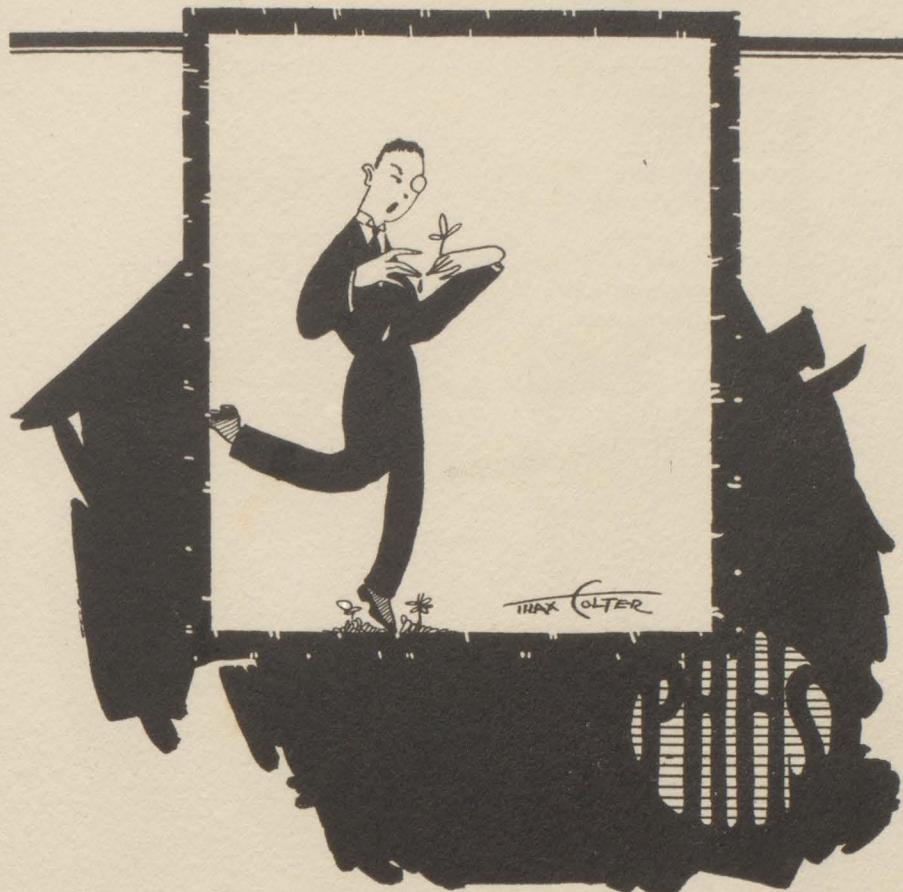
My heart leaps up when I behold
A 40 in a test.
So it was when school began;
So 'tis now on every hand;
So may it never be again,
Or I shall flunk!
For 40 is E as perhaps you know,
After 40, then soon below
One quickly sinks to cold o.

The Student's Prayer

Now I lay me down to rest,
I studied hard to do my best;
If I should die before I wake,
I won't have any exams to take.—Ex.

Little specks of sawdust,
Some sand—about one grain,
All, when brought together,
Make up a Freshman's brain.

CLASS OF 1918



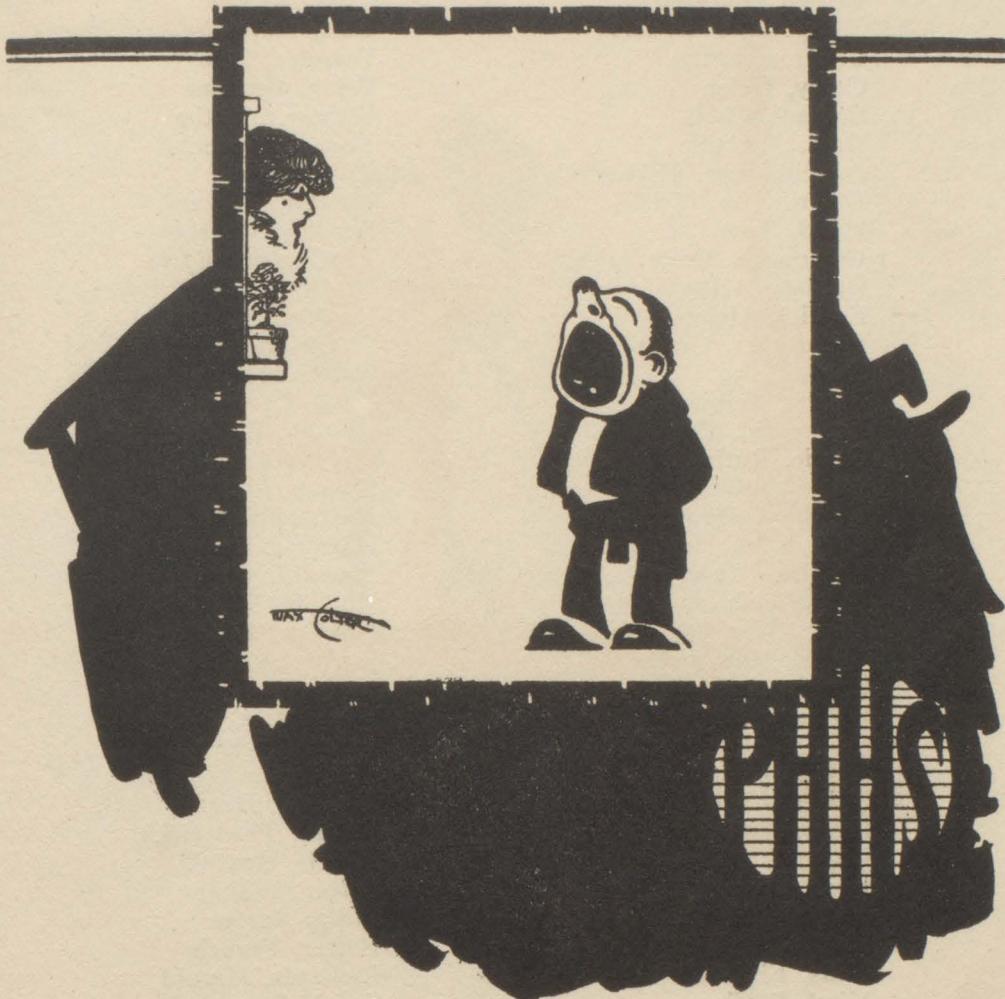
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President	Philip Amadon
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Secretary	Lena Hodder
Treasurer	Emery Stringer
Sergeant at Arms.....	Edward Goldman

MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1918

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Browne, Cleo	Chamberlain, Elmer
Canfield, Helen	Conant, John
Clemens, Edna	Crimmins, Harold
Crawford, Violet	Farr, Robert
Chesher, Gertrude	Fisher, Guy
Crorey, Lawrene	Fox, Ross
Duncan, Barbara	Goldman, Edward
Elliot, Virginia	Gray, Norman
Fleming, Florence	Hamlin, Arthur
Frink, Vivian	Hill, Gordon
Fuqua, Juliet	Hill, Harold
Hodder, Lena	Holth, Finn
Hollenbeck, Effie	Jackson, Harry
Hoppe, Helen	Johnson, Roy
Horton, Alta	Kendall, Harry
Howey, Luella	Kresin, Frank
Hull, Blanche	Kunz, John
Hurley, Verna	Laurie, Lloyd
Kishpaugh, Grace	Little, Herbert
Little, Mildred	MacFadden, Burt
McCowan, Madeline	Marlette, Harold
McColl, Helen	Major, Watson
McCue, Jean	Mann, Arthur
McElroy, Elaine	Mathieson, Cleo
Major, Dorothy	McColl, Duncan J.
Metcalf, Gladys	McColl, Lewis
Morden, Mary	Meno, Ashford
Norris, Margaret	Minor, Howard
Phillips, Hope	Moore, Fred
Porrett, Mary	Pohl, John
Pratt, Nina	Robinson, Carlton
Randall, Elizabeth	Rubenstein, Leo
Reynolds, Thelma	Schumacker, Elmer
Summers, Bertral	Straus, Ernest
Roach, Lucille	Simms, Warren
Rowe, Marion	Snyder, Amos
Sawdon, Gladys	Stringer, Emery
Schweitzer, Marie	Sovereign, Frederick
Sheldon, Grace	Upp, Jessie
Smith, Lenore	Van Norman, Gerald
Stephenson, Dorothy	Waterworth, David S.
Stevens, Ruth	Wellman, James
Vogelei, Hilda	Wright, Stanley
Willets, Mildred	Watts, Daniel
Tenant, Dorothy	MacKinnon, Gladstone

CLASS OF 1919



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MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1919

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Baer, Marguerite	Short, Edna
Barrett, Helen	Smith, Clara
Becker, Margaret	Smith, Evvah
Bennett, Elizabeth	Smith, Frances

Brown, Edith
Brown, Irene
Brown, Ruth
Brown, Marjorie
Campbell, Margaret
Cochran, Lottie
Corry, Helen
Corsant, Clara
Dart, Adelaide
Davenhauser, Hildegarde
DeGraw, Winifred
Dudd, Anna
Dickenson, Viola
Dunbar, Helen
Endlich, Helen
Farbrother, Grace
Fead, Anna
Ferritt, Winifred
Fitzgerald, Verna
Gerrie, Ruth
Gillisby, Beth
Geoffroy, Mayme
Hall, Edna
Hamlin, Mary
Hart, Viola
Herk, Nina
Heeke, Marguerite
Heeke, Norma
Hilliker, Lenore
Hochleitner, Martha
Howell, Hazel
Kaiser, Ruth
Kimball, LeVange
Little, Leona
Losie, Ada
Mackay, Netta
Mackelin, Alice
Mills, Eliabeth
Mitchell, Clara
Moore, Laura
Nelson, Helen
Neville, Marjorie
Overmyer, Frances
Peterson, Florence
Philipp, Laurinda
Priehs, Gladys
Randall, Nellie
Rauser, Courtney
Rohm, Esther
Roberts, Gretta
Rose, Estelle
Sarjeant, Dorothy
Schell, Neva
Smith, Mildred
Soutar, Marion
Steinborn, Marguerite
Tims, Esther
Toft, Margaret
Wagner, Ada
Winn, Beatrice
Winter, Martha
Young, Madeline
Adams, Fred
Bassett, Edward
Bradley, George
Brotherton, Earle
Brothwell, Roy
Caulkett, Glenn
Charleston, Frederik
Crimmins, Frank
Dane, Lynne
Dimink, Eugene
Dyer, Russell
French, Clayton
Hart, Harold
Hartson, Earl
Howard, James
Howard, Thomas
Isbister, Gilbert
Jenks, Stephen
Jenks, Ted
Kleinstiver, Louis
Little, Leonard
MacTaggart, David
McLean, Harold
Moore, Frederick
Morris, Russell
Oliver, Wilber
Philp, Byron
Potter, Francis
Richards, Harold
Smith, Raymond
Scupholm, Ross
Silhavy, George
Smith, Harold
Stoudt, Fred
Sturges, Fred
Sullivan, Samuel
Sylvester, Wilber
Sawdon, Bert
Turk, Howard
Ullenbruch, William
Wagg, Haley
Waugh, Harold
Wilks, Levine

CLASS OF 1920



OFFICERS OF 1920.

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Vice President	Marie Herbert
Secretary	Imo Jones
Treasurer	Gordon Tappan
Sergeant at Arms.....	Allan Carlisle
Advisors	Miss Lakin, Mr. Davis

MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1920

Baker, Bertrand	Burge, Viola
Blackney, Forest	Burns, Mabel
Bofinger, Robert	Combs, Eleanor
Brown, Paul	Davis, Charlotte
Butler, Milton	Deal, Doris
Carlisle, Allan	De Wolf, Elizabeth
Carson, Robert	Dunsmore, Emma
Dawson, Robert	Finch, Marguerite
DeGraw, Kenneth	Fogarty, Ruth
Dixon, Albert	Fowler, Edith
Duff, William	Gallacher, Annie
Fenner, Russell	Gleason, Helen
Fogarty, Frank	Goldman, Lillian
Gillesby, George	Gray, Beatrice
Hess, Elmer	Gruell, Louise
Houle, Charles	Hagle, Lilly
Johnson, Calvin	Hartleib, Verda
Kilets, Rowden	Hasseler, Ethel
Krueger, Rudolph	Hayman, Martha
Kunz, Thornton	Herbert, Marie
Lewis, Donovan	Holland, Dorothy
Manuel, Guy	Holland, Frances
Miller, Eldred	Holmes, Marion
Montgomery, Wayne	Jones, Imo
Mortimer, Cecil	Klause, Etta
Noel, Herbert	Knapp, Doris
O'Neil, James	Kreutziger, Irma
Pettengill, Manville	Lee, Rosabel
Pressprich, Arno	Leffler, Lois
Provot, Joe	Lindsay, Alva
Ramsay, James	Locke, Marjorie
Rupe, Dana	Lymburner, Adeline
Schultz, Stanley	Maurer, Marie
Simms, Russell	McClellan, Hazel
Sperry, Clare	McIntosh, Olive
Stapleton, James	McLaren, Isabel
Stevenson, Albert	McWha, Marguerite
Stocks, La Vern	Mills, Henrietta
Summers, Taylor	Mitchell, Helen
Taylor, Arthur	Moak, Lillian
Tuttle, Roy	Monzo, Mildred
Ward, Ben	Morris, Irma
Warren, William	Nern, Edna
Westphal, Harry	Nestell, Gladys
Wilson, John	Schell, Elaine
Witke, Roy	Schnackenberg, Corra
Cassin, Fred	Sickles, Annabelle
Akers, Margaret	Simmons, Doris
Anderson, Helen	Stevenson, Leona
Barker, Faye	Stickney, Gladys
Barnby, Elba	Sturmer, Ruth
Beach, Beatrice	Thorne, Nina
Bedal, Agnes	Toft, Katherine
Berryman, Gwendolyn	Whiting, Beatrice
Blair, Velma	Zimmer, Luella

EDITORIAL



TO MR. DAVIS

Here's to the man who is the friend of us all,
Here's to the man who can hold the students,
Here's to the man who gives us the "pep,"
Here's to our new Superintendent!
May he get the people with him as he has the students—
Here's to Mr. Davis!
Here's to his success!

MISS RICHARDS

Great was the agitation in the Senior Class and indeed in the whole school when the report was circulated that Miss Richards was to leave us, that she was going west for her health.

Though the whole school has lost much, it is perhaps the "Student" staff which has lost more than any other school organization in the loss of its Auditor. The staff is greatly indebted to Miss Richards not only for the help which she has so freely given in the preparation of copy but in the interest she has shown. She has always fully realized the aim of the magazine; that it is a typically student publication, and helped us toward this end.

And so we wish to thank Miss Richards not only for the help which she has given to the staff but also for the interest she has always shown in all school activities. We are sorry that ill health made it necessary for her to leave us so suddenly and we hope that she will be able to be back next year.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

These are war times. What can we do for our country? What can you do? What can our school do, and what are we doing now? We have several answers to these questions. The boys have answered by organizing a Cadet Corps for high school boys over sixteen. Most of our boys are not now

qualified for army service but if the war lasts any length of time they will join Uncle Sam's fighting force.

The girls have answered by flocking to the Red Cross. Many of the girls have joined both the Red Cross and First Aid Class.

But there are other ways to help than wearing the flag, drilling and knitting. Every one has a back yard even though a small one. Plant it.

We are wasteful and extravagant—this is no time for that. Let's do what we can for this general economy movement.

The Senior Class has taken the first step by simplifying the hop, and the girls have gone farther by declaring that only simple cotton dresses will be admitted, thus making the affair entirely informal.

Organization wins war. Discipline is the hub of the wheel of organization. Promote it.

So we can all do our bit. Let's stand back of the President! Will you do your part?

EDUCATION

PHILIP AMADON, '18

Education today means infinitely more than it did a few years ago. And yet the average student does not appreciate the advanced steps made in his behalf. Do we see any Abraham Lincolns of today? Is the student of today so desirous of an education and so intent upon securing it that he ciphers on a shingle by fire light?

We educate students who arrive at their Senior year without having any distinct vision of the profession which they wish to follow. Whether the student is striving for the position of employer or employee, the one great asset needed most is "brains."

The one great problem of education is to teach the student to think. Thinking is an art. Art is learned by practice. Thinking is therefore learned by practice. Educational training endeavors to teach one to work at a task with system and method, in the consciousness that one has acquired the ability to think quickly and logically. A high school education gives one habits of application and study that are invaluable. But often a graduate is compelled to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and there he learns the great lesson that is gained by the discipline of daily drudgery. And yet have we not some great self educated men? There are a few, but that man who is self-educated is usually very narrowly educated. He is educated along certain lines.

The man of today must be thoroughly educated. One might as well say that an apprenticeship is of no value to a man who is going to follow a certain trade as to say that an education is of no value to a man who expects to use his brains.

Knowledge is now so various, so extensive, so minute that it is impossible for any one to be a part of this work-a-day world and not have an education.

Example of Induction

(At a basket ball game at the "Y." Hat falls from the balcony.)

First Person: "There's Tommy Dillon's hat."

Second Person: "Helen McColl must be here."



CLASS OF 1916

George Asman—Port Huron Lumber Co.
Leonie Beger—Post-Graduate, High School.
Marion Brown—St. Clair County Normal School.
Gordon Buckner—Salesman.
Mark Burgess—Munroe Motor Co.
Phyllis Conkey—Post-Graduate, Chicago High School.
Florence Cox—At home.
Sarah Crawford—St. Clair County Normal School.
Elsie Davis—Grace Hospital, Detroit.
Bernice DeGraw—Ypsilanti Normal School.
Verna Derck—M. A. C.
Eleanor Dixon—At home, Maccabee Temple.
Corinne Dove—Harper Hospital, Detroit.
Bingham Fead—U. of M.
Leslie Foss—Sperry's Cash Store.
Myrtle Farbrother—Stenographer, C. R. Black.
Mabel Fenner—Ypsilanti Normal School.
Edna Frantz—At home.
Charles French—Y. M. C. A., Flint.
Mabel French—Stenographer, Armstrong Spring Works, Flint.
Randall French—Boyce Hardware Store.
Thomas Gerrie—Boyce Hardware Store.
Joseph Gruel—Gruel & Ott.
Helen Hitchings—M. A. C.
Kathleen Hoffman—Detroit Business University.
John Holland—Walk Over Shoe Co., Detroit.
Louis Jenks—Sarnia Bridge Works.
Beth Kilmaster—At home, Harrisville.
Margaret Kuhn—At home.
Fred Limberg—U. of M.
Allen Locke—Salesman.
Mary Lohrstorfer—Post-Graduate, High School.
Alvin Losie—Port Huron Gas Co.
Mary McCormick—Teacher, Buchanan School.
Clarke McColl—Hillsdale College.
Chrystal McCue—U. of M.

Marguerite McFarland—Sturmer's Hardware Store.
Meredith McLeod—Majestic Theatre.
Mabel Martz—St. Clair County Normal School.
William Morden—U. of M.
John Neely—Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.
Vaughn Oliver—Port Huron Gas Co.
Charles Osius—U. of M.
Kenneth Parry—U. of M.
Edna Scupholm—Commercial Bank.
Irene Smith—Hoffman's Bazaar, Mt. Clemens.
Ruth Potter—St. Clair County Normal School.
Glen Sinclair—Grand Trunk Shops.
Marjorie Springer—U. of M.
Leota Stewart—Port Huron Southern Railroad Co.
Aileen Strevel—At home, Jeddoo.
Cecil Stubbs—St. Clair County Normal School.
Mary Sumner—Modern Maccabee Temple.
Kate Swan—St. Clair County Normal School.
Agnes Tappan—M. A. C.
Dorothy Thompson—At home.
Marion Treadgold—U. of M.
Aileen Warren—Ypsilanti Normal School.
Ada Wass—Stenographer, Engine & Thresher Co.
Marion Weaver—Harper Hospital, Detroit.
Frances Wesley—U. of M.
Marguerite Weyers—Stenographer, Boyce Hardware Store.
Agnes Woodward—At home.

Study: An intelligent pastime for recuperating from social activities of High School life.

Literary Society: A gas plant which directs natural gas into its proper channels and which develops other plants for the creation of artificial gas (hot air) for a time when the natural gas is exhausted.

Freshman: A poor, innocent emerald hued thing, much abused and imposed upon and a something to be pitied, probably one of the mammalia.

Sophomore: An overgrown freshie, especially one whose uppermost extremities have swelled to unwarrantable limits, making him self-sufficient, proud and arrogant.

Junior: One, who having gathered together enough nerve and knowledge (?) to enter the lion's den, has donned long trousers, and commenced to shove. The change from Sophomore to Junior is generally marked by the ambition of the recipient of that honor of getting a "steady girl."

Senior: That goal toward which all pupils strive. An empty headed being who does nothing but smoke, dance and sleep. His main duty is to assume a fatherly expression toward all others.—Ex.

The Sophomores saw something green
And thought it was the Freshman class,
But when they nearer it drew,
Alas, it was a looking glass.



The Student takes great pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges, from which we have received many beneficial ideas. We sincerely hope to receive exchanges from you next year:

The Asheville School Review, Asheville, N. C.
The Cateret, Orange, New Jersey.
The Item, Pasadena, Calif.
The Western Normal Herald, Kalamazoo, Mich.
The Normal College News, Ypsilanti, Mich.
The Scarab, East Technical School, Cleveland, Ohio.
The Kyote, Billings, Mont.
Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.
The Weekly Almanian, Alma, Mich.
Hillsdale Collegian, Hillsdale, Mich.
The Index, Kalamazoo, Mich.
The Pleiad, Albion, Mich.
The Pioneer, Grand Rapids, Mich.
The Trapeze, Oak Park, Ill.
The Visalia High School News, Visalia, Calif.
Su Hi, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
The Zodiac, Lansing, Mich.
The Rutherfordian, Rutherford, N. J.
The Bugle, Monroe, Mich.

Mary Schubert: "What's the joke?"

E. Hall: "Nothing, I just thought of something."

She: "They must be engaged. That's her fourth dance with him."

He: "That's no sign."

She: "Isn't it? You don't know how he dances."

"Pa," said Clarence, "What's a burlesque?"

"A burlesque, son," replied father, "is a take-off."

"George," interrupted mother, who had been listening to the conversation, "if you are going to answer that question, I'll leave the room."

This sign was seen in the window among the hats of a small millinery store:

.....
:
:
BUGGY
To be sold cheap
:
.....

Freshman Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Pa! Pa! Pa!
Ma! Ma! Ma!
Milk!

As a Freshie Sees It:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

As a Senior Sees It:

"Scintillate, scintillate, luminous constellations,
Interrogatively, I question your constituent elements;
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere,
Similar to a carbonaceous isniotic suspended in the celestial firmament.—Ex.

Ruth rode in my new cycle car,
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five—
And rode on "Ruthlessly."—Ex.

Mary had a little lamb,
With her it would frolic,
One day it kissed her on the cheek
And died of painter's colic.—Ex.

London Advertisements.

"A boy wanted; who can open oysters with references."
"Bull dog for sale; will eat anything, very fond of children."
"Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly inside the counter."
"Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same."
"Lost, near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman
with a bent rib and a bone handle."
"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a
movable head-piece as good as new."

G. Tappan: "Why do you carry the cane, Stony?"
R. Stone: "Because it can't walk."

"What do you mean, young man, getting home at this hour of the night?
Do you see what time it is?"

"Aw, how can I see when the clock's got its hand in front of its face?"

"Fuzz had an accident yesterday."

"How was that?"

"He fell for a girl in Brown's and broke a bone paying for her sundae."

Miss Lakin: "Can anyone tell me the question of the moment?"

Bright One: "What time is it?"



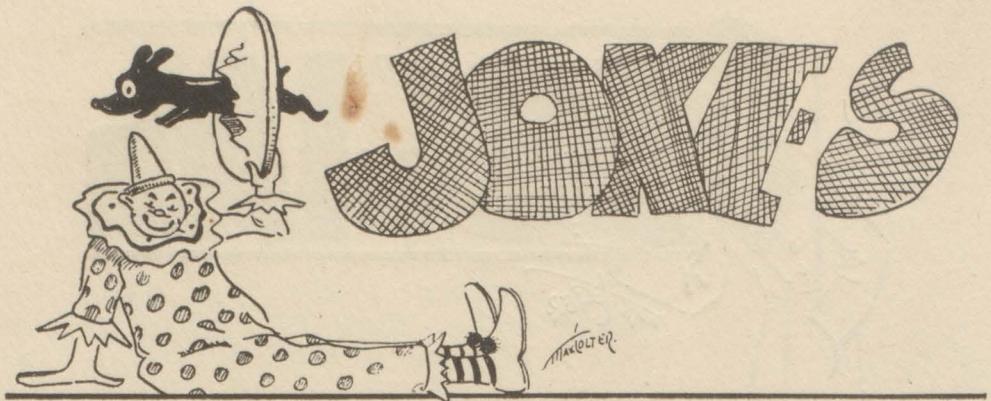
MILDRED CARLISLE, '17

The High School, this year, has been the scene of a great deal of pleasure as well as of hard work. The Seniors have given assemblies throughout the year which have been attended by large crowds, and have furnished much pleasure and recreation for an hour and a half on Friday afternoons for those worn out by a week of strenuous work.

The graduation class is making great preparations for the commencement festivities, an unusual feature of which will be a Class Day program to which their parents will be invited. The Seniors will wear their caps and gowns, and Senior talent will be displayed to its best advantages. This will occur on the afternoon of Commencement Day. In the evening the mighty Seniors will receive their well earned diplomas. A banquet is being planned, which will be given at one of our numerous hotels. This event is one to which all class members are looking forward, as it will probably be the last time when the whole class will sup together. Also, if King Sol is King, there will be a class picnic during Commencement week.

The Freshmen this year were introduced to High School social life when the Seniors entertained for them one Friday night after school. Each Senior escorted three Freshmen to the "big dance" and later to delicious refreshments. The Freshmen seemed to enjoy themselves and the Seniors enjoyed being host.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right—
At what time did the boy leave
Who sent his card last night?"
"His work was pressing, father dear,
And his love for it was great;
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."
Then a twinkle in her bright blue eyes,
And her dimples deeper grew,
"Tis surely no lie to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."—Ex.



Senior: "How's everything?"

Junior: "Oh, she's all right."

A boyabus kissibus sweeta girlorum,
Girlibus likibus, wanta somorum,
Papabus hearibus louda smakorum,
Kikibus boyabus outa doorum.

P. Amadon: "Isn't it surprising how gas bills run up?"

E. Stringer: "Not so surprising, considering how many feet they have."

Judge: "Name?"

Prisoner: "Smith."

Judge: "Occupation?"

Prisoner: "Locksmith."

Judge: "Officer, locksmith up."

A New Way.

E. Chamberlain: "How do you get in the Bijou for nothing?"

R. Fox: "Don't tell anyone. I walk in backwards and the doorkeeper thinks I am coming out."

Customer: "Where can I buy powder?"

Floor Walker: "Face, gun, bug or seidlitz, madam?"

Pa: "Do you know what time your sister's young man left last night?"

Little Brother: "I think it was about one, dad; because I heard him say when he was going, "Just one! Only one!"

Little Willie: "She's me oldest sister."

Chollie: "And who comes after her?"

Little Willie: "You 'n a nudder guy."

Once little Mildred Carlisle received three dolls among her Christmas gifts. Her abundant supply caused her to become slightly careless, and one day the arm of one came off, exhibiting the sawdust stuffing.

"Well, you dear, obedient dolly!" she exclaimed. "I knew I told you to chew your food fine but I didn't think you would chew it as fine as all that."

Teacher: "I can't find words in the dictionary that are warm enough to express my opinion of you!"

Pupil: "I don't doubt it, the words you want aren't in the dictionary."

There were three pairs of twins in a family. The first they named Peter and Repeater. The second, Kate and Duplicate. The third, Max and Climax.

Senior: "I wonder if Smith meant anything personal by giving me a ticket to a lecture on fools?"

Junior: "Why?"

Senior: "Because the ticket says admit one."

Mr. Carlisle: "My son, the only advice I can give you is to start at the bottom and work up, no matter what may be your calling."

Harold: "But, father, I intend to be a well-digger."

"What is your name, little boy?"

"Joshua Shadrach Lemuel Yotts!"

"Well, well! Who gave you that name?"

"I dunno, yet, but I'm on deir trail."

A. Taylor—"Why is a hen immortal?"

C. Sperry—"Dunno, why?"

A. Taylor—"Because her son never sets."

Teacher—"If your father gave your mother \$3.00 today and \$10.00 tomorrow, what would she have?"

Small Boy—"She'd have a fit."

In a Montana hotel is a notice which reads:

"Boarders taken by the day, week or month. Those who do not pay promptly will be taken by the neck."

Waiter—"Will you have pie, sir?"

G. Maitland—"Is it compulsory?"

Waiter—"No, it's raspberry."

"When I graduate I'll step into a position of \$200,000 per," modestly exclaimed the Senior.

"Per what?" asked the Freshie.

"Per-haps," answered the Soph.

Miss Moore—"Give the principal parts of occido."

Knowing One—"Oh, Kiddo! Oh, Kid-dearie! Oh, kiss-us-some."

Seniors, attention! Who does this remind you of?

"Empty your mouth and put it in the waste basket."

Miss Northrup—"Since Shakespeare and Marlowe were both born in 1564 they were—" (expecting the answer, "Contemporaries").

Bright Pupil—"Twins."

Miss Westbrook—"Make a sentence with toward in it."
Bright Freshie—"The boy tored his pants."

Nameless Youth: "Did she say anything dove-like about me?"
"Yes, she said you were pigeon-toed."

Mrs. Naumann—"Give me a verb that takes the dative."

W. Cox—"Kussen." (To kiss.)

Mrs. Naumann—"Decidedly not! It takes a direct object."

N. B.—"It sure does, Mrs. Naumann."

Smith (at Bakers)—"Is this bread today's?"

Baker—"Yes, certainly."

Smith—"The reason I asked is because the bread I got yesterday wasn't."

The Komic Editor may work
'Till brains and hands are sore!
But some wise duffer's sure to say:
"Gee! I've heard that one before!"

(The staff wishes to endorse this exchange.)

She frowned at him and called him Mr.
Just because he came and Kr.
That very night
Just her to spite,
That naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—Ex.

Bobbs (In auto going 70 miles an hour)—"Gee! look at those flies fol-
lerin' us. They sure can go some."

Dobbs—"Flies! It's that charge of buckshot that yop constable fired at
us, an' we gotta hustle or it's get us."

Woman (To tramp)—"I'll give you something to eat if you will get that
axe and—"

Tramp (Reassuringly)—"Oh, never mind; I won't need it. My teeth
are all right."

Grocer: "Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"

Little Girl: "Mother sent me to get change for a dollar, and said to tell
you she would give you the dollar tomorrow."

Murderer: "Is this the guy who is to defend me?"

Judge: "Yes; he is your lawyer."

Murderer: "If he should die could I have another?"

Judge: "Yes."

Murderer: "Can I see him alone for a few minutes?"

Willie Green,
Sad regrets;
Aged nine,
Cigarettes.

ELIMINATION

Ten little maidens blushing in a line:
One got nausea, then there were nine.
Nine little maidens sitting by the lake:
One got sunburned, then there were eight.
Eight slender figures looking up to heaven:
A plane dropped a bomb on one, then there were seven.
Seven frightened lassies, began to pick up sticks:
An angle worm looked at one, then there were six.
Six happy girlies went for a drive:
The Ford machine ran up a tree, then there were five.
Five unhappy maidens, feeling very sore:
Took a dose of liniment, then there were four.
Four wiser maidens, now feeling rather free,
Flirted with a fellow, then there were three.
Three slammed chickens, thought that would never do,
One joined the Red Cross, then there were two.
Two lonely maidens admiring a gun
While the trigger was pulled, then there was one.
One smiling lassie, looking for fun,
Listened to the supper bell, then there were none.

Man in Auto: "Have an accident, mister?"

Man Under Auto: "No, thanks; I just had one."

When a cat gives an entertainment from the top of the wall, it's not the cat we object to, it's the waul.

Love's Allegory

HE.

You are gladness, you are sunshine,
You are happiness, I know;
You are all to me, my darling,
That is lovely here below.

SHE

You are splendor, you are glory,
You are handsome, you are true;
All there is this side of heaven,
I behold, my dear, in you.

PA.

I am lightning, I am thunder,
I'm a roaring cataract;
I am earthquakes and volcanoes
And I'll demonstrate the fact.
!!! !!! !!! !!! !!! !!! —Ex.

Mr. Miller: "Why is an iceberg blue?"

Pupil: "Reckon it must be because of the intense cold."

Mistress: "Did the fisherman who stopped here this morning have frogs' legs?"

Nora: "Sure, mum, I dinna. He wore pants."

Teacher: "Leave the room."

Johnnie—"Did you think I wanted to take it along?"

An Indiana farmer writes to his local paper: "If you want to see a big hog come out to my farm and ask for me."

First Artist: "The other day I painted a piece of wood in imitation of marble with such accuracy that on being thrown into water it immediately sank to the bottom."

Second Artist: "Faugh! Yesterday I hung my thermometer on the easel supporting my view of the Polar regions. It fell at once to 20 degrees below zero."

Third Artist: "Ah! That's nothing! My portrait of a city alderman was so life-like it had to be shaved twice a week."

I've seen the board-walk down the lane,
The sheep-run in the vale;
I've seen the dog-watch on the ship,
The cow-slip in the dale.

I've seen the sea-foam at the mouth,
The horse-fly in the air;
I know the bul-works on the deck,
And the fire-works many a scare.

I've seen a bun-dance on the plate,
The lamp-light on the floor;
I've seen the cat-fish in the sea,
And the hat-stand by the door.

I've known the mill-race in the glen,
The heart-burn in the chest;
I've seen a door-step in the street,
And a watch-spring in my vest.—Ex.

On a mule we find two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand in front, before we find
What the two behind be for.

Miss Trathen: "Name two things that contain starch."
Bright One: "Two cuffs and a collar."

You would not knock
The jokes we use,
If you could see
What we refuse.

Vain One: "Have you any brown neckties to match my eyes?"
Clerk: "No, but we have some soft hats to match your head."

When first he came to see her,
He had a timid heart,
And each night on the sofa
They sat this far apart

But when their love grew stronger
And he had a braver heart,
When they began to hug and kiss,
They sat up close like this.—Ex.

"Pa, what branches did you take when you went to school?"
"I never went to high school, son, but when I attended a little log school-house they used mostly hickory and beech and willow."

Junior: "Have you ever been through trig?"
Senior: "Yes, but it was so dark when I went through, that I didn't see much of the place."

Doctor: "How's your breathing?"
Patient: "Boyish."
Doctor: "How's that?"
Patient: "It comes in short pants."

Mrs. Naumann (in German): "Name three strong nouns."
S. Smith: "Onions, garlic and limburger."

G. Godley: "Why is a pup on frozen water like a kiss?"
H. Jackson: "I don't know. Why?"
G. Godley: "Because it's dog on ice." (Dog gone nice.)

Miss Moore: "Translate: Haec studia adulescentiam alunt."
Harold Smith: "Hike studies! Adieu, lessons! I am ailing."

Drug Clerk: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?"
W. Major: "No, I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit a one."

One time an old farmer was driving along the streets of a town when an automobile came up. He got over on the other side of the street safely. As the machine passed him he noticed a motorcycle just behind it. He scratched his head and said: "Well, I'll be gosh dinged if I ever knowed before that them blasted automobiles had colts."

Ella, the faithful maid, was arranging her mistress' hair one afternoon, when she mentioned that she had heard Miss R. singing in the parlor the evening before.

"How did you like her singing, Ella?" asked her mistress.
"Oh, mum!" sighed the maid, "it was grand! She sang just as if she was gargling."

Dentist: "Open wider, please—wider."

Patient: "A-a-a-h!"

Dentist (inserting rubber, gag, towel and sponge): "How's your family?"

Ruth S.: 'Oh' I bumped my crazy bone!"

T. Howard: "It sure hurts when you hit your head."

Pinched.

"Eddie was out yesterday developing the speed of his machine."

"Well, how did it turn out?"

"A case of arrested development."

No rose, no cheek, but one day fade,
No eyes but lose their lustre,
No dollar bill but must be changed,
How'er we hate to bust 'er!—Ex.

Lady of the House: "Who spoiled my garden?"

Jap Servant (forgetting the word for rooster): "The egg's father."

"Do you always stutter?"

"N-n-n-o, o-o-o-n-ly w-w-hen I-I s-s-speak!"

T. Jenks: "Why do you keep your watch under your pillow?"

Duffy: "Oh, so I can sleep overtime."

I love its gentle murmur,
I love its gentle flow;
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go.—Freida Lehman.

Freshie: "Say, what does 'Ex.' mean after a joke?"

Editor: "Why, 'Exchange,' of course."

Freshie: "Oh, I thought it was extinct."

I have a brass alarm clock,
It rings quite loud and deep;
'Macbeth' I call the horrid thing
Because it murders sleep.—Ex.

I call my studies "Saxons"
Because I am afraid
That tho' I give them lots of gas,
They seldom make the grade.—Ex.

E. Stringer: "Say, what is a good name for a club? Something Latin?"

H. Canfield: "I know—Delirium Tremens."

The optimist says "Hello;" the pessimist says "O—;" well he turns it around.

He: "What did your father say when you told him my love was like a rushing river?"

She: "Dam it."

In the dark last night I met her
And took from her a kiss,
And the sweetness of the nectar
O'er swept my soul with bliss;
But today I have a feeling,
A taste that's clear and keen,
And it tells me that the nectar,
Was cold cream and glycerine.—Ex.

Jack: "Then you don't take much stock in me?"

Betty: "Oh, yes I do."

Jack: "Preferred?"

Jinks: "Let's drop in at the restaurant."

Jenks: "We haven't money enough."

Jinks: "Yes, I know, but I need a new overcoat."

J. Rubenstein: "What relation is vinegar to its mother?"

E. Nicholson: "Why the same relation as champagne is to its pop."

"Waiter, that soup I ordered is pretty slow."

"Yessah, but dat am turtle soup, sah."

Mary: "Gladys Smith's face reminds me of a delicately painted china cup."

Brother Tom: "Yes, it's a beautiful mug."

There is one advantage in having a wooden leg, and that is, you can hold your socks up with thumb tacks.

"Now, Willie, you know I told you not to go in swimming on Sunday, and yet you have been in this very day."

"I know, ma, but Satan tempted me."

"Why didn't you tell Satan to get behind you?"

"I did, and he kicked me in."

He: "Fifty miles an hour! Are you brave?"

She (swallowing another pint of dust): "Yes, dear; I'm full of grit."

Chemistry or Math.? (or Eng.?)

Given a room filled with boys, add three pretty girls. Prove that the boys will turn to rubber.

P. S.—Proof secured.

Now mother Eve, so we're told,
Fell for the tempting serpent's wiles,
And soon she took to wearing clothes,
And then began our modern styles.

Her clothes grew old, she pined for more,
So Adam then to sooth her grief,
Brought home a brand new dress one day,
And Eve cried out: "What a re-leaf!"—Ex.

"You say your wife assaulted you with a dangerous and deadly weapon?"
"What was it?"
"It was a fly-swatter, your honor."

One day last summer two small boys were playing near the country road. A young lady approached them.

"Little boy," said she, "can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the pike?"

"Yes'm, I think so. A load of hay went through five minutes ago."

The rain it falleth on the just,
And also on the unjust fellow,
But mostly on the just, because
The unjust has the just's umbrella.—Ex.

The bell rang, and little Ethel ran to the door.
"Is your mother home?" asked the caller.
"No, ma'am," said Ethel.
"When will she be home?"
Ethel turned around, and called, "Mamma, what shall I say next?"

Heard while the construction of scenery for Senior play was going on—
Lee L.: "Hey, you! Don't scrape that glue off with your chisel—use your head!"

Miss Trathen: "What animal is satisfied with the least amount of food?"

"The moth!" shouted a Senior confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."

Boy: "How fast that horse is runnin'."
Teacher: "You forgot the 'g'."
Boy: "Gee! How fast that horse is runnin'."

Mr. Corbin: "What does rain look like?"
Pupil: "Water."
Mr. Corbin: "What does limestone become in water?"
Pupil: "Wet, I think."

Our Magazine Rack

The Country Gentlemen—Howard Parsons, Neil Matheison.
Everybody's—Helen Canfield.
Judge—Mr. Davis.
Woman's Home Companion—Mark Haynes.
Power—Mr. Lewis.
Review of Reviews—Before semester exams.
The Century—Eighth hour.
Smart Set—Seniors.
Short Stories—Ashford Meno tells 'em.
Youth's Companion—LeVange Kimball.
Vogue—Irma Steinborn.
Vanity Fair—Florence Jones.
American Boy—Eugene Higer.
Technical World—Morning section Physics labatory.
Popular Mechanics—Elwood Windham (?) Holborn Boardman (?).
The Student—Bob Anderson.
Electrical Experimenter—Kate Dunford.
Cosmopolitan—Marian Gray.
House Beautiful—P. H. H. S.

The Optimist.

He: "When is a joke not a joke?"

She: "Well?"

He: "Usually."

"Say, conductor, I am paralyzed."

Street Car Conductor: "How is that?"

"I have been scratching my leg for five minutes and can't feel it."

Lady (sitting beside him): "Conductor, he has been scratching my leg."

"Quick, Watson, the needle!" mysteriously said Sherlock, as he slowly wound up the Victrola.

Miss Westbrook: "How was Caesar killed?"

Freshie: "He was stabbed in the Senate."

If a body meet a girlie
On a windy day;
Play the part of true politeness—
Look the other way.—Ex.

He: "Are you fond of sports, Miss Green?"

She: "Oh! Mr. Toughy, this is so sudden."

Mr. Davis (at barber shop): "I want a hair cut."

Barber: "You might as well get the whole dozen cut at once, same price."

"What, kissing my daughter?"

"Well, sir, she can't sing, play the piano, or talk. One must do something to pass away the time."

Boy: "How old is that lamp?"

Mother: "Three years."

Boy: "Well, turn it out, it's too young to smoke."

An Irishman saw, while passing through a graveyard these words printed on a tombstone:

"I STILL LIVE"

Pat looked a moment and then said: "Be jabbers, if I was dead, I'd own up to it."

Visitor: "Do you give your dog any exercise?"

Owner: "He goes for a tramp every day."

Minister (in church): "Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?"

Deacon is sound asleep.

Minister: "Deacon will you lead?"

Deacon (awakening suddenly): "Tain't my lead, I dealt."

Boy: "I want to get a chicken."

Butcher: "Want a pullet?"

Boy: "No, you boob, I want to carry it."

Miss Fraser: "If you want to make that song successful you must sing louder."

W. Warren: "I am singing as loud as I can."

Miss Fraser: "Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and put yourself in it."

Notice.

Only good looking people are allowed to read this:

"Don't be so conceited."

"Now, if I don't get rid o'dis cold soon," complained Jimmy, the jockey, "I'll be a dead one."

"Did you go to Dr. Goodman, as I told you?" asked his friend.

"Now! De sign on his door said '10 to 1' an' I wouldn't monkey wid no long shot like dat."

"Why is the pig always trying to get into my room? Do you think he has taken to me?"

"It's his room during winter," whispered the hired man cautiously.

"I hear that they buried the janitor last week."
"Yes, they had to; he died."

Angler (in deep water): "Help! Help! I can't swim!"

Country Gentleman (on shore): "I can't neither, but I ain't hollerin' about it."

Agent (entering office): "I've an attachment for your typewriter, sir, which I—"

Busy Man: "Well, settle it with her. Your love affairs are no concern of mine."

Senior: "She wears too much jewelry."

Junior: "Think so?"

Senior: "I do; no fun to hold a hand like that. You can get the same sensation by holding a handful of curtain rings and a wrist watch."

Old Maid: "Frederick, why do you persist in kissing me so often?"

College Brother: "Well, sis, you always look so grateful."

"How much is them plums?"

"Ten cents a peck."

"Shure, phwat do yez think I am, a bird?"

Edith: "Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to be married?"

Ethiel: "Too long! He hasn't got a cent left."

L. McCall: "I saw Sturmer getting into his Chalmers."

Freshie: "What are Chalmers?"

"Say, pa, I bet Bobby Smith ten cents today that you could lick his dad in fifteen minutes—so be sure and keep Saturday afternoon open."

Pat went to the druggist to get an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked: "How much?"

"Well," said the clerk; if you want the empty bottle it will be one cent, but if you have something put in it we won't charge anything for the bottle."

"Sure, that's fair enough," observed Pat. "Put in a cork."

Johnny: "Pa, why do so many people get married in June?"

Pa: "I'll be darned if I know, unless it's the heat."

He: "Are you in love with young Smith?"

She: "I in love! I despise him."

He: "But I saw him kiss you good night."

She: "Oh, I couldn't be rude."

A Dangerous Test

Teacher: "How can you determine whether a man is neutral or not?"
Pupil: "Kick him. If he knocks your block off, he ain't."

It Can't Be Done.

Curate (discussing the drink question): "If you can't afford ale you can have cocoa."

Village Reprobate: "But who ever heard of any one drinking a half a gallon of cocoa?"

Teacher: "Why does the cannon kick?"

Pupil: "I guess they charged it too high."

The boomerang came home to roost,
And entered with a clang,
He never did the doorbell find,
But still the boomerang.—Ex.

Doctor: "There's the original prescription. I can't imagine how you made that mistake in putting it up."

Druggist: "Humph! I must have mixed your signature in with the other ingredients."

Girl: Miss _____ told me you paid her such a charming compliment the other evening, something about her being beautiful. The poor girl was so pleased. I don't see how you can be so untruthful."

Man: "I should think you would know by this time that I'm never untruthful. I said she was just as pretty as she could be, and so she was."

Did She Know?

Newwed: "It is hard to ask for bread and get a stone."

Mrs. Newwed: "It is worse to ask for stone and get paste."

"I was initiating a teacher the other day and she caught me."

"What did she say?"

"Told me to quit making a fool of myself."

Observant Kiddy.

Carl Smith (when a Freshie): "Oh, look at the funny man, mother. He's sitting on the sidewalk talkin' to a banana-peel."

"No smoking in this coach, sir," said the conductor to a passenger.

"I'm not smoking," answered the passenger with an injured air."

"You've got your pipe in your mouth," declared the conductor.

"I hav'," retorted the Hibernian, "and I have me feet in me shoes, too, but I'm not walkin'."

F. Blackney (at circus): "Why scan the elephant so closely with the opera glasses?"

Senior: "I'm looking for the key hole of his trunk."

Stupid.

Mary: "Last night Jack tried to put his arm around me three times."

Louise: "Some arm."

"Our dairyman's cows look very dejected."

"Maybe that is why our milk is very blue."

Miss Steglich: "How did Pope happen to translate the Iliad?"

Freshie: "He used a pony."

Definitions by a Freshman

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Fan—Anything to brush warm off with.

Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep.

Pig—A hog's little boy.

Salt—What a fellow lacks when he hasn't any backbone.

Snoring—Letting off sleep.

Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming opened.

Teacher: "What is that word you slipped over?"

"Zim"—"Dat's de woid I don't know."

Flirtation is a circulating library in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume.—LaVange Kimball.

Old, But Ever Good.

A Freshman was wrecked on an African shore,

Where a cannibal tribe held sway.

The Freshman was served upon slices of toast,

The eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed straight on the act,

For e'er the next morning was seen

By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,

The Freshman was awfully green!—Ex.

The old friends had had three days together. "You have a pretty place here, John," remarked the guest on the morning of his departure. "But it looks a bit bare, yet."

"Oh, that's because the trees are so young," answered the host. "I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again."

History Pupil: "I want the 'Life of Caesar.'"

Young Librarian: "I'm sorry, but Brutus is ahead of you."

Miss Westbrook: "Name something of importance which did not exist a hundred years ago."

Eddie Goldman: "Me."

Junior: "You sassed a Sophomore, you say? What did he do?"

Stony: "He ran."

Junior: "What! The Sophomore ran?"

Stony: "Yes, sir; and he caught me too."

Smith: "That burglar ought to make a good housemaid."

Jones: "How's that?"

Smith: "According to the papers he made a clean sweep and dusted."

Pompous Lady: "Must I put this stamp on myself?"

Postoffice Clerk: "Well, you can if you like, but it's usually put on the letter."

"I hear they're using automobiles for hearses now."

"Yes, people are just dying to ride in them."

Excited Lady (at the phone): "I want my husband at once."

Operator: "Number, please?"

Lady (snappishly): "Only the fourth, you impudent creature."

Lawyer: "Your uncle makes you sole heir; but the will stipulates that the sum of one thousand dollars must be buried with him."

Heir (feelingly): "The old man was eccentric; but his wishes must be respected, of course. I'll write a check for that amount."

The following is a sample of the answers returned in the naturalization office:

Name—Jacob Levinski.

Born—Yes.

Business—Rotten.

He: "I can tell you how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

She: "How much?"

He: "Two pints."

Traveling Salesman (who has five minutes to catch his train): "Conductor, for Pete's sake, can't you go faster than this?"

Conductor: "Certainly, but my duty forces me to stay with my car."

Friend: "What became of Mary Smith, the girl you made love to in the hammock last summer?"

Ardent One: "Oh, we fell out."

"How did the airship happen to fall?"

"The pilot went up in the air."

Customer: "I wish you would show me the thinnest thing you have in a blue serge suit."

Floorwalker: "I would with pleasure, sir, but he's out for lunch just now."

Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.

—A Freshman.

Went walking—'tis said
Floor hit him—he's dead.

—A Sophomore.

False fair one—hope fled,
Heart broken—he's dead.

—A Junior.

Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.

—A Senior.

Minister (helping young man to his feet after a fall on the ice): "Sinners stand on slippery ground, don't they, my friend?"

"Yes, but I don't see how they do it."

"The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."

"We don't want him any longer—he's long enough."—Ransome Stone.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timber, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. Huh! Must have been born in a lumber camp.

"Young Dudel's body has been recovered."

"Why, I didn't know he had been drowned."

"He hasn't. He merely bought a new suit of clothes."

He: "I would give anything if you would kiss me."

She: "But the scientists say that kisses breed disease."

He: "Go ahead. Make me an invalid for life."

Adams (pointing to a line on the menu): "I'll have some of that, please."

Waiter: "I'm sorry, sir, but the band is playing that."

He: "Reconsider or I'll blow my brains out."

She: "That would be a good joke on father; he thinks you haven't any."

Professor: "Is the earth a star or a planet?"

Bright One: "The earth is a planet but the people on it are stars."



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NO WASTE MATERIAL—NO LOSS OF LABOR IN WORKING

Our Motto—"The Best is the Cheapest"

Lady (to domestic): "Do you know anything of your master's whereabouts?"

Housemaid: "I am not sure, mum, but I think there in the wash."

"Why do poets speak of the moon as silver?"

"Well, perhaps its because of the halves and quarters."

I. E. McCOLLOM & COMPANY

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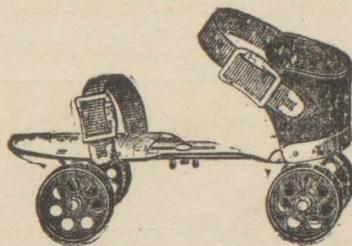
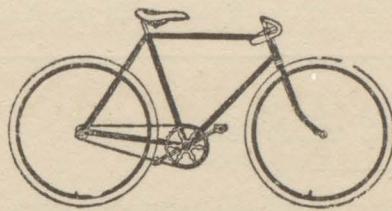
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Every girl loves to skate. Get a pair for your vacation.

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Military Street Store

Though dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood.
When fond recollections present them to view,
'Tis well that we cherish them only in mem'ry
But for practical usage adopt something new.

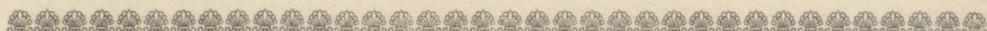
The old oaken bucket looks well in a picture;
The dipper we drank from was well enough then;
And still there's another—this old-fashioned dipper
Discarded should be for a "Lucky Curve" Pen.

PARKER "LUCKY CURVE" FOUNTAIN PEN

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Waiter: "Looks like rain."

Cantankerous Old Gentleman: "It does, but it smells like soup."

H. Phillips: "I'm not neutral."

D. Tennant: "Yes, you are, Hope; you don't care who kills the Kaiser."

SAWDON, The Bike Man

GET YOUR REPAIR WORK DONE WHERE EFFICIENCY
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WE SHARPEN SAWS, LAWN MOWERS AND ETC.

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—SEE—

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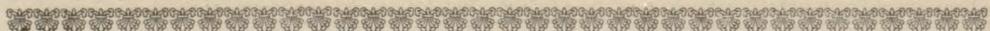
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515 Water Street

Formerly WHITE CREDIT CLOTHING PARLORS

She: "Yes, Mary is dead."

He: "Yes, what was the matter?"

She: "Tickled to death."

Strange.

"Me brudder was in two places at the same time."

"Is dot so?"

"Yes, he was over in France and homesick."

The Parra Millinery

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PRESENTS AUTHENTIC MILLINERY MODES FOR THE COMING
SUMMER SEASON. ATTRACTIVE DRESS MODELS
ALSO SMART TAILORED AND SPORT HATS
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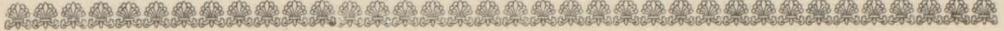
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Lady customer: "I want to get a typewriter for my husband."

Clerk: "Any particular make ma'am?"

Lady: "Well, I heard a business man tell my husband his was a little peach. Have you that make?"

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407 EAST WATER

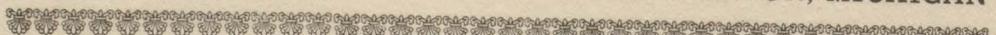
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GLOVES are not plentiful in the country as a whole, but we have a good stock in both kid and fabric. Silks in long and short. Silk Hose, Silk Underwear, Fine Neckwear, Parasols and Gloves for graduation gifts.

The Ballentine Dry Goods Co.

We sell McCall Patterns

The Store That Sells Wooltex

Professor—“Parse kiss.”

Student—“Kiss is a noun, generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is not singular and it is generally used in the plural, and agrees with ‘me.’ It is more common than ‘proper.’”

She: “Be careful, the man in the moon is looking.”

He: “That’s all right, dear, he is full and won’t notice us.”

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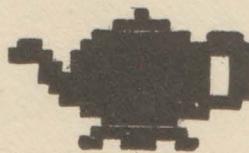
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Another Version.

Mary had a little lamp,
She also had a beau;
And every time the latter called,
They turned the former low.

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Good Strong School Shoes

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"Hello, Nichols! Been traveling in Europe, I understand. How did you
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Undoubtedly Lazy.

The other day a housewife entered the store of Dan Bump and asked for a quart of molasses.

"Can't serve ye now," he drawled from his rocker behind the stove. "Come 'round ag'in sometime when I'm standin' up."

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Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up plain for weeks.

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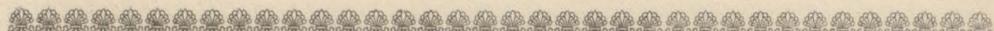
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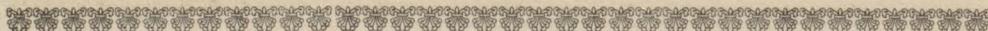
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Some Coaxer.

The latest American church device for "raising the wind" is what a religious paper describes as "some collection box." If a member of the congregation drops in a 25-cent piece, or a coin of larger value, there is a silence. If it is a 10-cent piece a bell rings, a 5-cent piece sounds a whistle, and a cent fires a blank cartridge. If any one pretends to be asleep when the box passes, it awakens him with a watchman's rattle, and a kodak takes his picture.

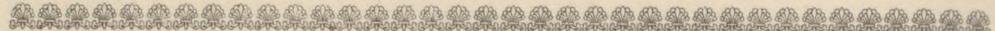
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812 Stone Street

The Newest Fad.

Try it girls. Knit to waltz time. It goes beautifully.

Editor (thinking of "Student" work): "Go and talk to Harold Carlisle."
Assistant: "What shall I say?"

George D. MacComb

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SUMMER COURSE JULY FIRST TO AUGUST FIFTEENTH

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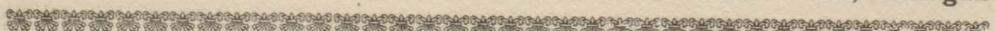
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330 Huron Ave.

Teacher: "James, I wish you'd wash your hands. What would you say if I came to school like that?"

Pupil: "Nothing; I'm too polite."

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SAUSAGE OF ALL KINDS—FRESH FISH ALWAYS ON HAND

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Whitman's Sampler

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808 Military Street



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DOES GOOD PRINTING AND GIVES
PROMPT SERVICE

ONE ORDER MEANS ANOTHER

531 Water St., Opp. P. O.

Down Stairs

Mr. Corbin (explaining the diagram of a steam engine in which the piston figures as "H") : "And when the steam gets into here it raises 'H.' "

Miss Westbrook: "How about that outside reading?"

E. Goldman: "I made it up."

Miss W.: "It certainly sounds that way."

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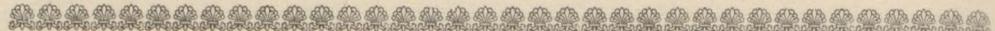
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Scotty (after many unsuccessful attempts): "No, what's the definition?"

"Its a noun that a girl, possessing even more than average intelligence is unable to decline."

Dr. M. L. DeBATS

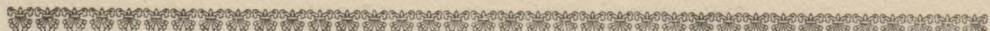
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JOB

The Young Men and Boys Are
the Communities' Great-
est Asset

She: "You know, Mr. Jones, I thought you were much older than you are."

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